Florida WILDLIFE

OLD IRON TAIL — THE MARTYR
by GEORGE X. SAND

LEESBURG BASS TOURNAMENT

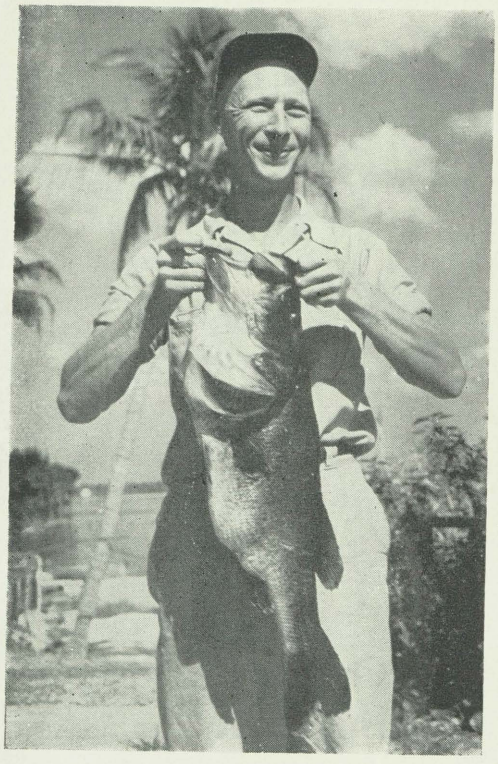
PIRATES TREASURE CRUISE

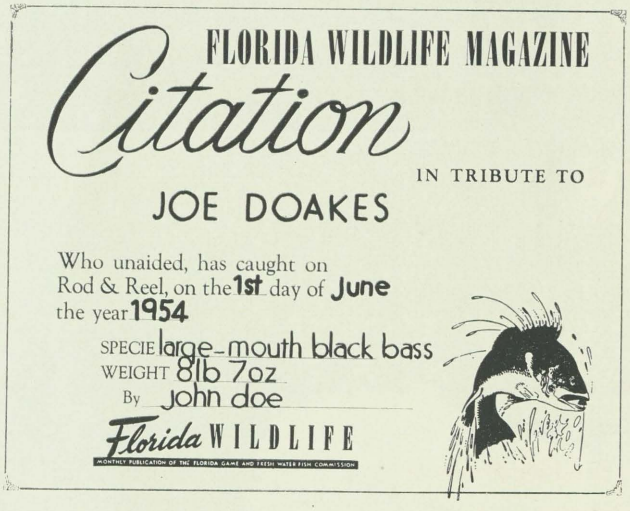
JUNE, 1954

25 CENTS

FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S
FISHING CITATION

"for that BIG ONE that DIDN'T get away"




FLORIDA WILDLIFE MAGAZINE
Citation
IN TRIBUTE TO
JOE DOAKES
Who unaided, has caught on
Rod & Reel, on the 1st day of June
the year 1954
SPECIE large-mouth black bass
WEIGHT 8lb 7oz
By john doe
Florida WILDLIFE
MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

Florida Wildlife Fishing Citations are available without charge, to any and all subscribers to Florida Wildlife Magazine, and their immediate families, who catch any of the following fresh-water game fish of the prescribed size requirements:

SPECIES

LARGEMOUTH BASS ..... **8 pounds or larger**

BLUEGILL (BREAM) ..... **1 pound or larger**

SHELLCRACKER ..... **2 pounds or larger**

CHAIN PICKEREL ..... **3 pounds or larger**

BLACK CRAPPIE ..... **2 pounds or larger**

RED BREAST ..... **1½ pounds or larger**

CUT OUT AND SAVE THIS APPLICATION BLANK

APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLIFE **Date**_____
Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

Please send me the Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation with the inscribed data listed below:

Name_____ **Address**_____

Species of Fish_____ **Weight**_____ **Length**_____

Type of Tackle, Bait Used_____

Where Caught_____ **Date**_____

Catch Witnessed by_____

Registered, Weighed by _____ **of**_____

_____
(Signature of Applicant)

ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS

All fish must be taken from the fresh waters of the state of Florida, as defined by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Fish must be caught on conventional fly, spinning, or bait-casting tackle, with artificial or live bait, in the presence of at least one witness.

The catch must be weighed and recorded at a fishing camp or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

Application for a Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation must be made within 10 days of the date fish was caught. Application must be made on the prescribed form as shown on this page. (Requests for additional forms should be addressed to: Florida Wildlife, Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Florida.)

Citation, showing recorded data of the catch, will be mailed to the applicant upon receipt of application form that has been properly filled out and signed.

The receipt of any and all photographs pertaining to the registered catch, including the applicant and the fish, will be appreciated by the editor for use in Florida Wildlife Magazine.

VOL. 8, NO. 1

Florida WILDLIFE

JUNE, 1954

★

Published monthly by the
FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION
Tallahassee, Florida

★

**Dedicated to the
Conservation, Restoration, Protection of Our Game and Fish**

★

MACK MANGHAM, Editor **BILL HANSEN, Assoc. Editor**

RICOU BROWNING, Circulation

In this Issue

Sports Lads and Lassies	Joe Schmidt	9
Old Iron-Tail The Martyr	George X. Sand	10
A Fly Rod For Florida Bass?	Capt. H. W. Kayner	12
Dynamite Comes In Small Packages	Maurice Naggiar	14
Northeast Division	Bill Snyder	16
Ducks In The Pink	Anker G. Pedersen	19
27th Bass Bustin' Rodeo		20
Around The State		22
Pirates Treasure Cruise		24
Don't Be A Fishing Widow	Margo Hosford	29
Friend Or Foe		30
Ducks Unlimited		32
Hammock State Park	Chuck Schilling	34

Departments

STRIKES AND BACKLASHES	4	KNOW YOUR WILDLIFE	35
JUNIOR CONSERVATIONIST	6	SCHILLING'S FISHING	36
DIRECTOR'S DESK	8	FEDERATION NOTES	37
OUTDOOR REVIEWER	33	MUZZLE FLASHES	39

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FLORIDA PRESS ASSOCIATION

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ROSE TALLAHASSEE

THIS MONTH'S COVER

This is the Florida fishing that pays extra dividends. There is more here than just the fish in fishing. Rest, relaxation and the joy of being one of God's children in His vast, beautiful and bountiful outdoors can only inject a sense of reverence and well being into man's paramount sport. This scene, taken by Morris Monts de Oca, of the Florida State News Bureau, was made near Haines City, Florida.

★

HEY, KIDS!

Vacation time is here and you all will be living outdoors, playing, swimming, fishing, camping, and having a good time. While you're enjoying the Florida outdoors, take a look around and notice all the wonderful things nature has given us and what they mean to you. The things you notice may win a fine prize for you because while you are on summer vacation, FLORIDA WILDLIFE is preparing a Junior Conservation Essay Contest for the fall. You will want to try for some of the many prizes to be awarded. Watch the July issue for further information and keep your eyes and ears tuned to Mother Nature this summer.

★

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Everglades Division

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P. O. Box 877, Telephone 145
Okeechobee, Florida

Gentlemen:

As you can see by the heading hereon, I am attached to a Lightship marking one of the entrances to New York harbor. Life aboard our vessel becomes dull at times as we get mail only once a week and get ashore only one week out of a month. Fortunately, some of the boatmen and fishermen around New York and New Jersey are aware of the type of duty we perform and when they are out this way and the weather permits they bring us newspapers and magazines. Needless to say, the crew is most appreciative of this little consideration.

Amongst a group of papers and magazines, which one boat kindly brought out to us, were several issues of your magazine, "Florida Wildlife." Originally being a native of Florida (Panama City), I, as well as the rest of the crew, found them quite interesting. After the magazines had been read by all hands, I carried some of them home with me. My daughter, aged 10, fell in love with them. Especially interesting to her are the articles and illustrations of the animals and fish of our wonderful state.

Enclosed is a two dollar ($2.00) money order for a year's subscription to "Florida Wildlife." Please send magazine to Miss Eleanor Davis, 36-35 172nd Street, Flushing 58, N. Y. It would be greatly appreciated if you could start the subscription with the April issue.

I am expecting leave this summer and intend to spend two weeks in Florida. My daughter and I plan to take full advantage of the splendid fishing for which our state is so well noted. The Coast Guard has taken me out of Florida, but has not taken Florida out of me.

Thanking you in advance for your kind attention to the subscription request for "Florida Wildlife," I remain

C. H. Davis
Scotland Lightship WAL-512
CG Base, St. George, S.I., N. Y.

Dear Editor:

This "Conservation, restoration and protection of our game and fish" is a far more important thing than most people realize. I came to Florida from Tennessee some 35 years ago, have always been an ardent fisherman, and I'm here to tell you or anybody else who may want to know that in the year 1918 I could catch ten bass where I catch not more than one now. I think that bass are getting more or less wise to the artificial baits, particularly the bigger baits, but at that we don't get 'em as we used to. The plain truth is that we have caught too many fish, all of us, and are still catching more than we should (on good days); I think the limit should be less, and that it should be looked after by wardens. Incidentally, most of the people who are "lucky" at bass fishing nowadays are using live bait. Which to me lacks just a speck of being as sporting as fly-fishing (little spoon and tiny bit of porkrind, for instance).

All the best.

Sincerely,
HAPSBURG LIEBE
St. Petersburg

Gentlemen:

It is my understanding that the Sports Afield Restaurant in New York City has on their menu an animal which has become increasingly evident in Florida during recent years, namely the armadillo. I have been told, by reliable sources, that a full course dinner featuring armadillo sells for $150.00.

Although I have never eaten armadillo in any form, the forementioned information leads me to believe there must be some way to prepare the armadillo in a very delicious manner.

I would appreciate any information you could give me on how to cook this animal.

TOM KING, JR.
Jacksonville, Fla.

We will have to leave the answering of this to our culinary expert – Elena Meade. We are sure Miss Meade will uncover a savory armadillo recipe, but at supermarket prices, we hope. –ED.

Dear Sir:

Last Sunday I picked up a copy of *Florida Wildlife* for March. The article "25 Years From Today" is quite arresting. The despoiling of economic resources has been the crime of America. If there are such possibilities as visualized in this article there should be a tremendous campaign of education and laws enacted anticipating what might happen.

The question in my mind is what should I, as a layman, do about it?

Respectfully,
FLOYD S. BARLOW
Glenwood, Florida

There are many ways for the citizens of Florida to help conserve our natural resources. Proper legislation in connection with these items is important and it is the layman who does the electing. There are also many conservation and sportsman's clubs throughout the state that are striving continuously towards the preserving of the finest fishing and hunting in the country. Activities of these associations can be found through the Florida Wildlife Federation. Their department in this magazine is "Federation Notes." – ED.

Dear Editor:

Your last *Wildlife* was very interesting. Your pictures and descriptions of poisonous insects was not only interesting but very valuable in warning of this danger.

I would like for you to give the pictures and habits of some of your larger birds, especially the whooping crane that is very scarce in Florida. He is a noisy fellow while on the wing, I've heard them.

I rambled some in South Florida in 1901 when deer and wild turkey were abundant.

Yours very truly,
J. H. HIERONYMUS
Vada, Ky.

Gentlemen:

I just received your notice in regard to my subscription to *Florida Wildlife* magazine. Your magazine is the only magazine that has no news whatever. Why don't you get some live member to edit your paper?

Why don't you discontinue your magazine?

Nothing to it. I bet some old fogie is at the head of it. Why don't you fire him and get some live fellow to make the magazine more interesting.

Yours truly,
ERNEST RAASCH
Norfolk, Nebraska

(Below is a recent snapshot of myself at the end of a busy day.)–ED.

"EVINRUDE MOTORS"

Dear Sir:

The word *Conservation* is being very strongly used today in the State of Florida, as it is being used all over the United States. But it seems that somehow the people here in our State have lost the true meaning of the word. To conserve a particular bird or animal is to simply protect it from becoming extinct, so that future generations may have the privilege of seeing this certain

species in real life form and not as a stuffed specimen of the past.

What I am leading up to is the open season allowed on panthers. I would like to know why panthers may be hunted and killed in the State of Florida when they are at the point of becoming extinct. And who hunts these few remaining cats – not the real sportsman who would put a pack on his back and track down a panther in true fashion whether it took him two weeks time in which to do it? The men who hunt the panther are the big, brave would-be sportsmen who use a pack of dogs to do the work and when the dogs tree the panther, the big brave sportsman walks up to the tree, aims his trusty rifle and kills the panther. Now if that is considered true sportsmanship, I don't want anything to do with it.

I have worked in the Big Cypress country of South Florida for several years and have seen numerous panther tracks but have never seen a wild panther until just recently when one crossed the road in front of me in the Everglades National Park. I have talked to many "old crackers" and yet have to find one who could tell me of a known instance where a panther had attacked a human being. Nor have I heard of the loss of any cattle or livestock being contributed to the attack of a panther. What reason then is there for wanting the panther killed off? It is true they may kill a few deer, but not nearly the number killed by poachers that take deer during the closed season, and at night by the use of a light.

In the November issue of the *Florida Wildlife* there is an interesting article about the panther written by Ross Allen. In his article Mr. Allen mentions that very few healthy deer are killed by panther, just crippled or diseased ones. I consider Mr. Allen to be an authority on Florida wildlife, not having met him in person, but by reading his interesting articles on wildlife and reptiles in Florida.

I have talked to several real sportsmen who agree with me that panther should be put on the protected list. It is my hope that this article will open the eyes of the other real sportsmen and the majority will demand that panther should be protected in the State of Florida.

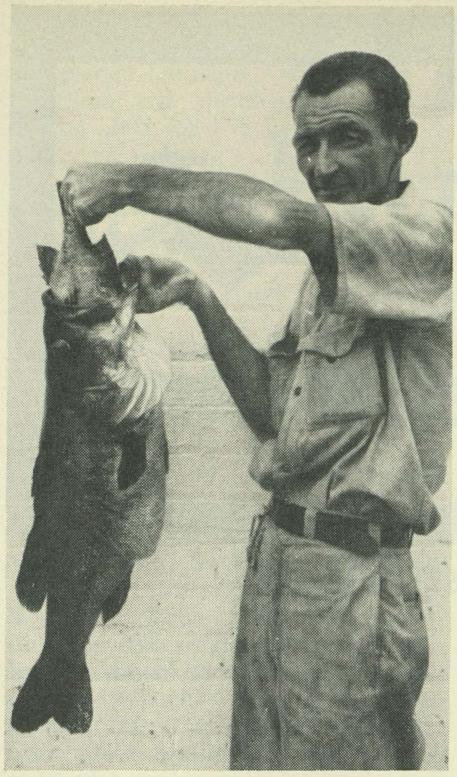
Sincerely yours,
LEO W. LORENZO
Fire Control Aid
Everglades National Park

Gentlemen:

We are interested in subscribing to your monthly magazine, FLORIDA WILDLIFE. We received a complimentary copy of this magazine at the state border Information Booth and enjoyed it very much.

We plan to pass our copy along to our local library after reading it so that others may enjoy it and learn of fish and wildlife.

Very truly yours,
Mountain Plumbing Supply Co.
Louis Allen,
Tannersville, N. Y.



Dear Editor:

If this were not strictly the truth I'd challenge anyone to top this fish tale. George Fincannon recently landed not one but two fish without the use of hook, line or sinker. He was fishing in nearby Spring Lake and not having any luck when he noticed a large bass on top of the water near the lake's edge. George rowed over and discovered the big fish had apparently strangled itself in attempting to swallow a large blue-gill. He pulled them both into the boat and brought them back to town. For proof see the enclosed picture.

The bass weighed over eleven pounds and the blue-gill about three quarters of a pound. There's plenty more big bass just as greedy waiting for all you fishermen in Hernando County.

Yours very truly,
THOMAS F. KIRK
Brooksville, Fla.

Dear Sir:

The May cover picture and Mr. Schilling's story on spring bass fishing has just about got me in the notion to head for Orange Lake where I've fished for nine years. Sure would love to see a few snapshots of the old "fishing hole" in some future edition.

For all around wildlife coverage your magazine is tops with me.

I'll treasure that "Super Duper" whether I catch anything on it or not.

Sincerely,
WILLIAM V. KANINBERG
Louisville, Ky.

If it is Orange Lake fishing you like, be sure and read "A Fly Rod For Florida Bass?". The action described there will bring you down here in a hurry. – ED.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is a copy of another publication containing a most interesting poem about wildlife officers. I think you should get permission to print this in Florida Wildlife as it might benefit the hard working Commission.

JOHN REIGER,
Cleveland, Ohio

The Life Of A Game Commissioner

What have I done, I ask, that I deserve such fate
I'm just a common fellow, but now let me relate
The trials and tribulations, the cares and wordly woes
The unkind salutations, that my Commission knows.

"Say there," says one, "go kill those birds, they're eatin' up my corn."
Another voice, "We want more birds;" Why was I ever born?
And if the fish ain't bitin', it's because there's none to bite.
Yet I know there's plenty of 'em, I can't give 'em appetite.

And if the trees are buggy, and the weather isn't good,
It's because the Game Commission isn't doin' all they could.
Says another brainy fellow, "Better set the season soon."
Jumps up another yippin', "Set it late, or it's your doom."

You'll catch it if you do it, and you'll regret it if you don't,
You're a "bloomin' politician," if you will or if you won't.
Even for all acts of Nature, the Commission is to blame.
I don't know why I do it, but I love it just the same.

But we all keep workin', anyway, for our birds and the fish.
'Cause down at heart, we all have got a common eager wish,
To see our State a garden spot of beauty, fish and game,
So tho' my job's a crazy quilt, I love it just the same.

Our hopes and dreams, they're all the same, no matter what your name,
'Cause we all are aimin' upward, our target is the same.
So get on board my fellow man, in fact, let's all go fishin',
But please, dear sir, if they don't bite, don't blame the
Game Commission.

—Paul T. Gilbert, in *Outdoor Nebraska.*

By DENVER STE. CLAIRE

TEN TOP CLUBS

Top ten clubs in Conservation Work in the State:

1. (tie) Melbourne Jr. Sportsman Club (Melbourne) and Allapattah Optimist Jr. Conservation Club (Miami).
3. Pahokee Jr. Sportsman's Club, Pahokee.
4. Glades Jr. Conservation Club, Palmdale-Moorehaven.
5. Everglades Jr. Conservation Squadron, Hialeah.
6. Leesburg Jr. Conservation Club, Leesburg.
7. St. Petersburg Jr. Rod & Gun Club, St. Petersburg.
8. Hillsboro County Jr. Wildlife Assn., Tampa.
9. West Palm Beach—Jr. High Conniston—Fish & Wildlife Club.
10. Eustis Jr. Wildlife Club, Eustis.

☆ ☆ ☆

Flash----Flash — THE BIGGEST NEWS OF THE YEAR!*

Here it is fellows—the *news* you have been waiting for:

The Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission has approved the site selected for the permanent camp for all future programs in youth conservation education.

The site selected is in the Ocala National Forest on Lake Eton. It covers about twenty-five acres and is approximately twenty miles from the center of the city of Ocala.

This year our camping season is so close to us we will use temporary buildings and tents to start things. Tents will be used for housing our young conservationists.

Immediate plans call for the widening of the road which trails off Road No. 314 or the Salt Springs Road; and the construction of a dock on Lake Eton.

Lake Eton is about 375 acres in size—and fellows, it has plenty of good fishing in it.

Other plans include the sinking of a well for drinking water and the construction of poles and power lines to give us electricity; and the digging of a sewage disposal system. These of course will be a part of the installations for our permanent camp.

The land will be leased from the United Forests Service with offices in Tallahassee and in Ocala. It will be a long term lease given to the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. And the camp and school will be called officially the—

JR. CONSERVATION
CAMP AND SCHOOL

Tests are being made of the water to determine its suitability for swimming. These tests are being made by the Health Department in Marion County by sanitation experts. Reports are coming into us that the water is free from contamination. So-o-o, get your swimming trunks out and get ready for some swimming the way you like it.

Speaking of swimming, fellows—if you don't know how, we will have swimming lessons for those who want to learn at the camp. The instructions will be given by those on the staff of the camp personnel. These men are fully qualified.

Swimming lessons for the beginners and advanced swimmers will also be a part of the fun-fest.

With the stories of the good fishing and the size of the fishes I have seen with my own eyes, I can safely bet you that this is a fishing paradise. So when you come to camp this year be sure and bring your fishing gear. There will be plenty of prizes for the big ones and other fishing events. We might even have a fisherman's liar contest — you know, the one that got away.

Now here is some very important information to you and to your parents!

The camping dates for this year will be as follows:

July 4 - 10
July 11 - 17
July 18 - 24
July 25 - 31

Yes, those are the dates and letters are being sent to your club presidents and your secretaries telling this information. Your club advisors and sponsors will also be notified.

Your arrival in camp will be on Sunday from 12 noon until 5:00 p.m. Of course if you are driving a long way your hour of arrival will vary.

Your departure on the last day of camp will be on Saturday morning immediately after breakfast and your last inspection. Final hour of departure will be 12 noon. Again if for transportation reasons and others you must remain a little longer, you will be taken care of by our very wonderful staff.

If some of you are wondering just what to bring if you are coming for the first time, don't let it worry you. Here are a few suggestions.

Bring your own linen. That means your sheets and pillow cases. We will furnish your mattress cover. How many sheets and pillow cases should you bring? That depends on how many you want to carry. Usually two or three are sufficient. A light blanket would be nice to bring along. It gets a little cool in the late evening off the lake. Don't forget your towels either—both bath and face.

Bring your toilet articles: tooth brush, soap, hair tonic, etc.

As to your clothes, well, most of the fellows wear blue jeans or denims. A couple of light sport shirts for the mess hall and entertainment, would be suitable.

Remember these are just suggestions. The idea is don't come heavily packed and with too much luggage. Travel as light as you can and still bring the essentials. Your Dad is a good one to get advice on this little problem.

About your other gear — if you like to fish — and I don't think any of you want to miss the fishing — be sure to bring along a pole or a rod and your flies or plugs or what ever your favorite may be.

We will have some poles for the forgetful ones but bring your own when you can. Of course if you

haven't any, why we will take care of you. Fair enough?

Canteen

As some of you may know from your previous camping experiences whether it has been with us or with other youth organizations, we maintain a PX or Canteen. This Canteen is opened at least once a day. The hour for its opening will be scheduled in the program for camp week.

Camping Costs for the Week

The cost for your camping week will be $7.50.

This small fee has been made for all members of Jr. Conservation and Jr. Sportsman's Clubs.

As many as possible from each club may attend this camp and school.

It will be wise for you and your club members to remember that the last week in the July period will be set aside for the *3rd Annual League Conference* (July 25-31).

For this week you will be required to send your president and a delegate for every fifty (50) members you have in your club.

I mention that so that you will keep these delegates for the last week in July.

Transportation

One of the most difficult things every year is the problem of transportation. As soon as you decide on what week you will attend, start working out ways and means of getting to and from camp. Of course if your fathers and mothers drive you in their car, you have nothing to worry about. Tell them that Road No. 314 (Salt Springs Highway) is a turn off from State Road No. 40 coming out of Ocala. There will be markers indicating the direction.

Greyhound and Trailway busses may be taken to the City of Ocala. Seaboard and Atlantic Coast Line Railways operate to and from Ocala.

In all probability there will be a shuttle system meeting these trains and busses if the occasion demands it.

Staff for the Jr. Conservation Camp and School—3rd Annual.

The staff this year will be very much the same as last year:

Mr. Jack Shoemaker, State Coordinator of Information and Education

Mr. Clyde R. Revels, Information and Education Division Officer of South Florida, Lakeland.

Mr. Ed Timmons, Information and Education Officer, Northwest Division, Panama City

*Mr. Chic Archer, Information and Education Officer, Central Florida Division, Williston

*Mr. Frank Nowak, Information and Education Officer, Everglades Division, Okeechobee

*These two officers will appear on the staff for the first time.

Meals at Camp

Breakfast at camp is at 7:00 a.m. every morning.

Your midmeal or lunch is served at 12:00 noon.

And your last meal is served at 6:00 p.m.

In our past two years of camping, we have never had any complaints about the "chow." Remember the definition of the Boy—a body surrounded by an appetite. Well, we have taken very good care of the feeding habit.

☆ ☆ ☆

News from the Northwest Division

In a recent survey-tour of the Northwest area with Information and Education Officer Ed. Timmons quite a few clubs were contacted. So in the very near future you will be hearing from these clubs. You know they are a long way from most of us but we do want them to feel that they are very much a part of what we are doing all over the state.

Believe me fellows, they really have some very beautiful spots of country over there from Pensacola eastward. Some of it is almost breathtaking.

You will be hearing from clubs from Panama City (the only all-girls club in the state); from Port St. Joe, Greensboro; Bristol, Carr (Clarksville); Marianna; Tallahassee.

New clubs are being planned for in Quincy, Wewahitchka, Apalachicola, Carrabelle, DeFuniak Springs, Pensacola, Munson, Milton and Jay.

Yes, sir, you'll be hearing from the Northwest with a boom!

And I know that all of you go along with me in wishing them all the best of everything.

And that means good luck to Ed. Timmons, too.

☆ ☆ ☆

Melbourne Jr. Conservation Club

Big things are in the making over in Melbourne.

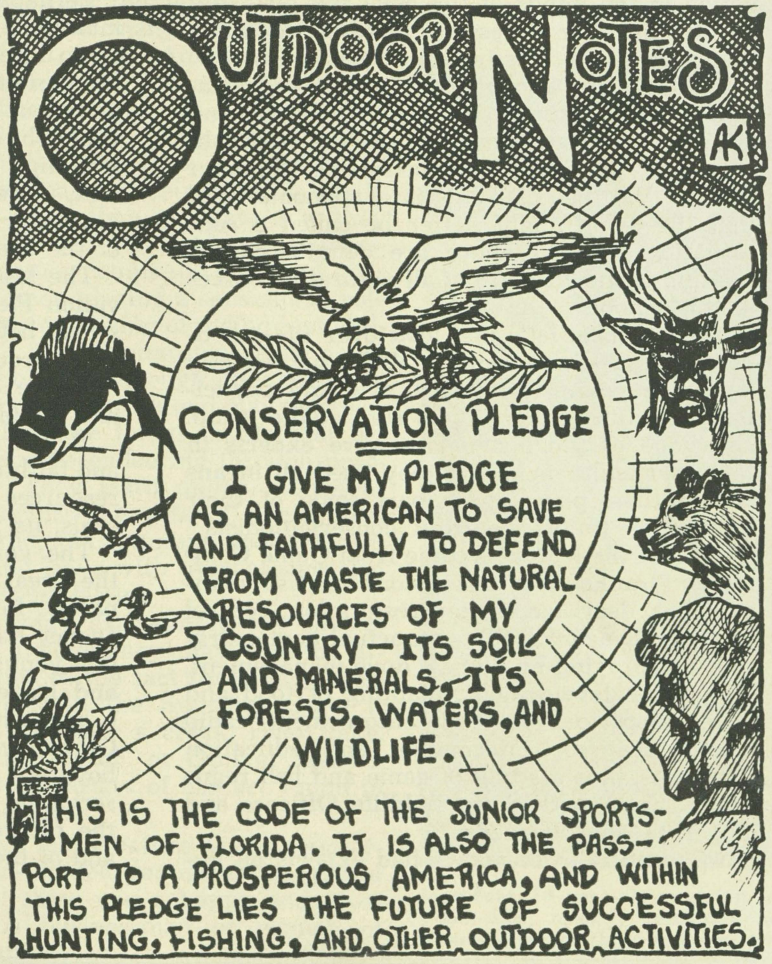
Plans are being made to buy a small piece of land for a means of raising money.

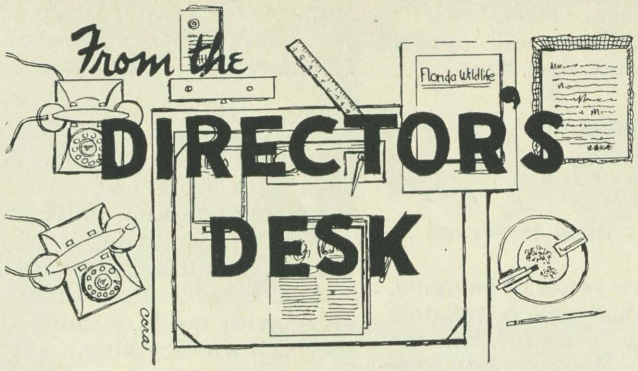
The youngest club in the state too, is advancing very well in their treasury with a total of $17.30 to date.

In a recent report from them, a beach party was being planned over in Indialantic.

The committees on entertainment and programming, conservation, constitution and membership are functioning with all the finesse of

(Continued on Page 40)


OUTDOOR NOTES
AK
CONSERVATION PLEDGE
I GIVE MY PLEDGE AS AN AMERICAN TO SAVE AND FAITHFULLY TO DEFEND FROM WASTE THE NATURAL RESOURCES OF MY COUNTRY—ITS SOIL AND MINERALS, ITS FORESTS, WATERS, AND WILDLIFE.
THIS IS THE CODE OF THE JUNIOR SPORTSMEN OF FLORIDA. IT IS ALSO THE PASSPORT TO A PROSPEROUS AMERICA, AND WITHIN THIS PLEDGE LIES THE FUTURE OF SUCCESSFUL HUNTING, FISHING, AND OTHER OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES.



By CHARLES W. PACE

For the past several weeks, even the past several years, you probably have either read or heard about the Junior Sportsmen's Summer Camp. Perhaps you have wondered about it, too, trying to figure out why such a camp was needed when there seem to be so many camps for youngsters these days.

But while youngsters attended and participated in programs at these other camps—such as Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Future Farmers of America and 4-H Clubs—there seemed to be something lacking that was considered very important as far as conservation agencies were concerned. For although each camp had a special period set aside for the discussion of conservation practices, it seemed to the administrators of such agencies that these lectures, movies and programs were all too general. Such programs put the seed of conservation in the minds of the boys and girls, did not furnish the necessary material to make that seed grow, blossom, and bear fruit.

This was the thought behind the organization of the Junior Sportsmen's Clubs and Junior Conservation groups, and the establishment of the Junior Sportsmen's Summer Camp. We feel that this is a misnomer and that the camp might better be called a conservation school. There are definite classes relating to the wise use of all natural resources in this school.

For instance, let's just look over the schedule of last year's camp. We'll see exactly what the youngsters heard, saw and participated in during their short stay at the camp. Everyone of the instructors were experts in their particular field and they used all means within their power to impart some of their knowledge to the youthful conservationists.

Most of the lecturers came from Game Commission ranks with discussions on fish management, deer and turkey restoration, control of water hyacinths (plus an actual demonstration on spraying by plane), dove management, waterfowl development, planting of food and cover crops for quail, law enforcement, radio communications, information and education programs, plus a study of game and fish regulations from both State Wildlife Officers and Federal Game Wardens.

In addition to these, we had experts on flyrod, skish, boating, rifles and other firearms, first-aid, outboard motors, and archery demonstrate proper procedures for use of various items of outdoor equipment.

Representatives from the Florida Audubon Society, the State Board of Conservation, Florida Forestry Service, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Soil Conservation Service, Federal Bureau of Investigation, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Seminole Indians, and the Orlando Snake Farm . . . all took time from busy schedules to teach these youths a few fundamentals on their particular activity.

But education wasn't the only standard of the camp. The program called for ample recreation, including swimming, boating, fishing, baseball, volleyball, horseshoes, and athletic tournaments which were designed to stimulate the individiual, team and group interests.

Perhaps most important of all were the many intangible accomplishments of this summer camp. For all who attended the camp learned the basic requisites of entering manhood. They picked up the characteristics of sportsmanship, leadership, working in unity, patriotism, citizenship, parliamentary procedure, organization, the effective use of public relations, plus a greater respect for the natural resources of the State of Florida.

The last item is exemplified by the Conservation Pledge to which every youngster must swear before becoming an active member in these groups, and in order to attend camp, he must be an active member of an organized and established club. Here is the pledge:

"I give my pledge as an American to save and faithfully to defend from waste the natural resources of my country—its soils and minerals, its forests, waters and wildlife."

The youth of Florida who is taught today the great need for conservation will be prepared for tomorrow. Every conservation agency has a major responsibility in preparing our youngsters to be the future businessmen and leaders of this state. We in the Game Commission are using the Junior Sportsmen's Club movement as an instrument in urging our boys and girls to acquire an interest in conservation . . . an item of vital importance to the future well-being of Florida, of America, and of the world. END.

SPORTS LADS AND LASSIES

By JOE SCHMIDT

"How are the bass biting," George Hamilton inquired during our phone conversation. The Georgia State Treasurer was calling from Atlanta to my home in Welaka on the St. Johns River. After assuring him the time was right he remarked that he would bring his 14-year-old grandson, Dick Fabion and concluded the call by adding, "It doesn't matter about me, but I would like Dick to catch some of those big bass."

I don't know whether George wanted to make certain his grandson learned to love nature and its sports, or if it was just a natural remark for an admiring parent to make about a child or grandchild, but either way he was directing the lad's mind into a channel that knows only one vice, lack of conservation.

Statistics reveal that a scant one-tenth of one per cent of the inmates in Federal prisons like to fish. With this fact as a yardstick, our parents of today would be wise to include a fishing pole with those birthday or Christmas gifts and then wager 1000 to 1 that their heir will not wind up behind bars.

Being a news photographer at this fishing paradise for years, I have had the opportunity of lensing many adults and a few children. Ten years ago fishing was a sport accepted mostly by men, but today their wives have become partners in the boats. Many children accompany patient parents and learn the art today and it is not an uncommon sight to see a man, his wife and children go out from any one of the many resorts in this area.

George Stevens, sportslad from Welaka, needed help from brother Albert to lift this 11 pounder caught by Pop. Both boys are ardent anglers and fish the St. Johns all the time.

Practically all children look up to their parents as idols and can only believe that the things they do are correct. I have often flinched when overhearing some child tell another that his daddy caught fifty or a hundred shellcrackers. Many times, unknowingly in most cases, these parents are inspiring their children to break laws.

It would be so wise to teach children conservation when they are taught to hunt and fish. Being Americans, we are all impelled to excell. With these inherited characteristics the desire to catch or kill over the limit is not greed but merely to exceed others.

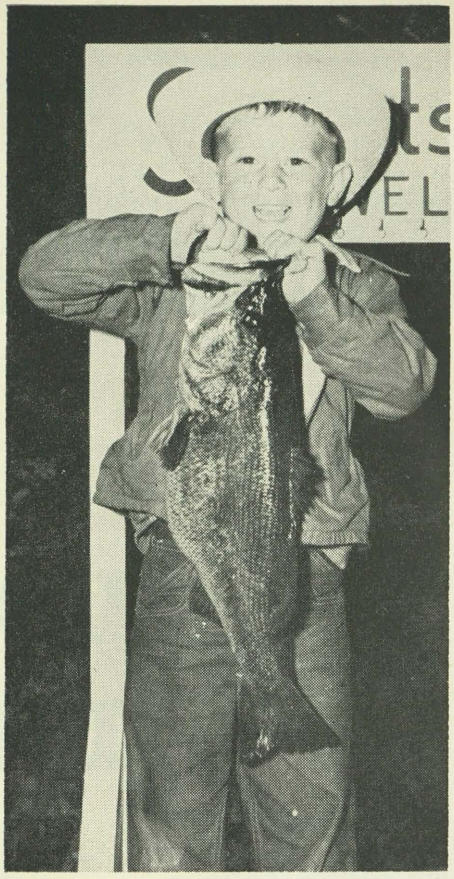
When my friends inquire about fishing luck the answer is that it took me so many hours to catch my limit. The American ego remains inflated, but conservation is practiced.

Any true sportsman would rather his child say that his daddy or mother caught their limit of fish in four hours than to relate how they caught over the legal requirement.

Summer camps for boys and girls have been playing a sensational role in the minimizing of delinquent children. Many youngsters learn about outdoor life through this medium, are taught to work and play together, and love the things in life that become more endearing through practice. They learn under competent instructors the arts of flyrod, reel and rod, and spinning modes of fishing and leave with titles of sportslad and sportslassies.

Florida's exceedingly low rate of child delinquency may well be attributed to the fact that every town and city in the Sunshine State is close to either a creek, river, lake, Atlantic Ocean, or Gulf of Mexico, where a variety of fish are found in abundance.

Give me a nature loving, conservation-minded youngster today, and I will show you a happy and prosperous businessman or woman of the future. END.



George Reynolds, Hendersonville, Ky., may be only 5 years old but he knows how to boat big bass. While fishing with his dad at Sportsman's Lodge, Welaka, "small fry" landed this lunker unaided.

Joan Ford, 13-year-old sportslass from Kirkwood, Mo., recently outclassed her family when she landed this 6½ pound bass caught in the St. Johns River.

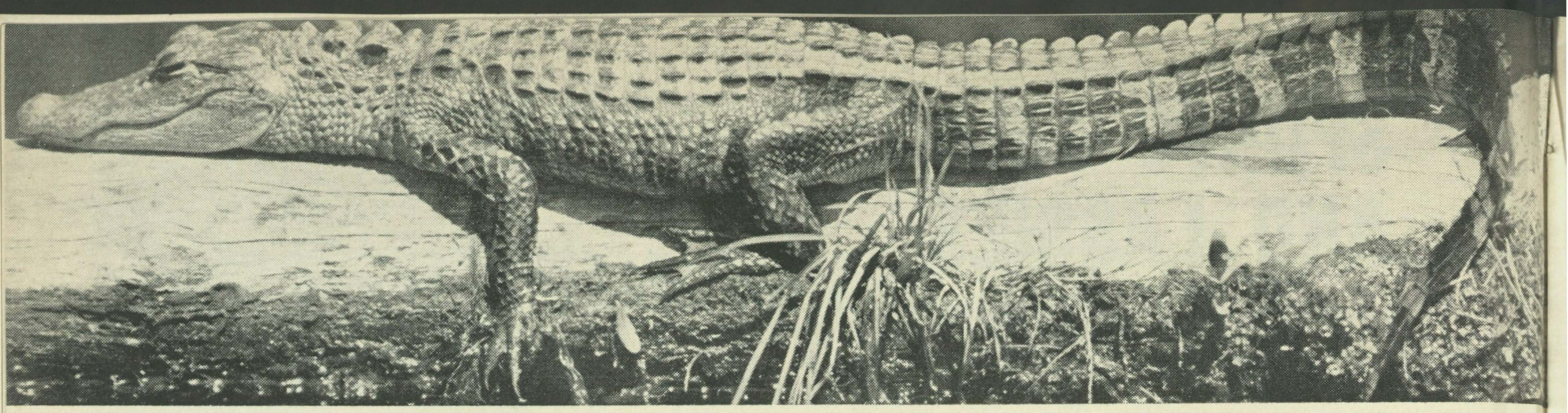


Photo by ALLEN CRUICKSHANK from NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY

OLD IRON-TAIL, THE MARTYR

By GEORGE X. SAND

IF THE State of Florida ever gets around to erecting a statue in appreciation for its many tourist-attracting natural resources, I hope they won't forget my friend Iron-Tail, the alligator. He deserves a spot right up near the top; right up there with the shapely girl, the sunshine and the sailfish.

So far the only reward for this sleepy-eyed relic of prehistoric times continues to be the distasteful glances of the uninformed. Misunderstood, maligned, slaughtered in shameful millions by the Florida hide poachers of the lawless 80's, today — as always — he suffers most of his misfortune directly from the inconsiderate hand of man.

Should he inadvertently permit himself to be carried downstream during the high waters of the rainy season, an uproar will invariably develop at the first settlement he comes to. Mothers will grab their children and scream for the police who in turn will bounce everything from a green coconut to a rifle ball off his grinning head. Last September, in the outlying district of Miami, a 13-year-old boy was supposedly "badly bitten" by a 'gator as he attempted to gather hen's eggs one evening from a ground nest near the banks of a canal. The usual citizens' cry was raised, although no gator had been seen, no tracks could be found (a possum, most likely). Finally an annoyed Tropical Audubon Society representative told the press that "there never has been any record of an alligator biting anyone on land."

While it is to the credit of the Florida Game Commission that the entire Everglades area was recently closed to those who would take alligators, nevertheless humans continue to rob old Iron-Tail's nests of their eggs, eating them before his young can be born. Some even continue to eat *him,* since the meat in his tail is considered a delicacy.

Perhaps the crowning insult of all, however, takes place when this venerable Florida pioneer is placed in a smelly pen for the benefit of gullible visitors and a grunting Seminole in White man's pants leaps astride his back to "wrestle" him. Joke.

I'll admit that with his 80 or more teeth, bulging eye sockets and 10 to 15-foot long lizard-like body, covered by rows of bony scutes and horny ridges, his appearance hardly encourages one to make a pet of him. Yet, despite excitable present-day "fact" writers who would give the opposite impression, I have known of old *Alligator mississippinensis* to get tough—and I have bumped into him on several embarrassing occasions where he could have taken advantage of me.

One spring evening, deep in the Everglades swamp, I sat across the campfire from a rather well-known Yankee hunter. A powerfully-built man, quiet of eye and sure of manner, this sportsman had just completed an extended hunting trip throughout Canada and the Northwoods. While a big tropic moon rode over the shadowy, somber swamp and only the occasional distant shriek of limpkin broke the brooding stillness, my companion recounted some of his experiences. It was strictly man-stuff, too.

Suddenly the pressing dark was shattered by a weird, ghoulish roar—a slobbering, not-of-this-world blast, as though someone had jerked open the doors of Hell just beyond the firelight to let it blow full into our faces.

My friend's strong features fell apart, white and sharp with naked fear now as he leaped to his feet.

"It's all right," I assured him somewhat shakily. "Just a bull gator—this is the mating season."

A Yankee myself, I'd never forgotten my own initiation to that awful, marrow-chilling sound. I led him over now to the spot where the old boy—a 12-footer—was lashing about in the nearby marsh with his tail, puffing himself up for a new blast.

When it came we could both actually feel the earth tremble! I have yet to meet a man who has heard a more frightening sound.

But old Iron-Tail has his lighter moments, too. As a concocter of irresistible love potions, for example, he could become rich, were he human. When it comes time to lure his beloved down to the river bank for romance he sprays himself with "perfume," a strong musky fluid that is emitted from glands on the underside of his chin, near the throat. One whiff of him under such condition and the lady becomes helplessly subservient to his will!

About April or May the female seeks a protected spot in the marsh to begin construction of her "egg house." The mound, usually conical in shape, may be four feet high, twice that width at the bottom. A base platform of mud and vegetation is first trampled into position. Upon this the mother carefully lays part of her 20 to 90 elliptical eggs, each somewhat larger than a hen's and with thicker shells. Then a 6-inch layer of more mud and compost is added, followed by a second layer of eggs, and so on, until all the eggs are accounted for. The sun does the rest, the incubation temperature remaining constant from 95 to 105 degrees, even should a 50 degree change take place outside.

The mother, meanwhile, remains watchfully close at hand, keeping the nest moist and steamy throughout the 65 day hatching period so that the extremely porous eggs do not dry out. She must also protect them from raids by vultures and soft-shelled turtles.

Old Iron-Tail, however, has lost all interest and is probably floating log-like across some quiet lagoon; fishing, with only his big eyes and nostrils showing.

As the time draws near for hatching mama alligator listens attentively for her youngsters' first squeak. She then excitedly opens the nest. About 8-inches long, the glistening yellow and black babies can swim and snap at birth. Once I stumbled upon mother and young at this stage, attracted to the site by the sounds of the little gators, whining and yelping about their doting parent like puppies.

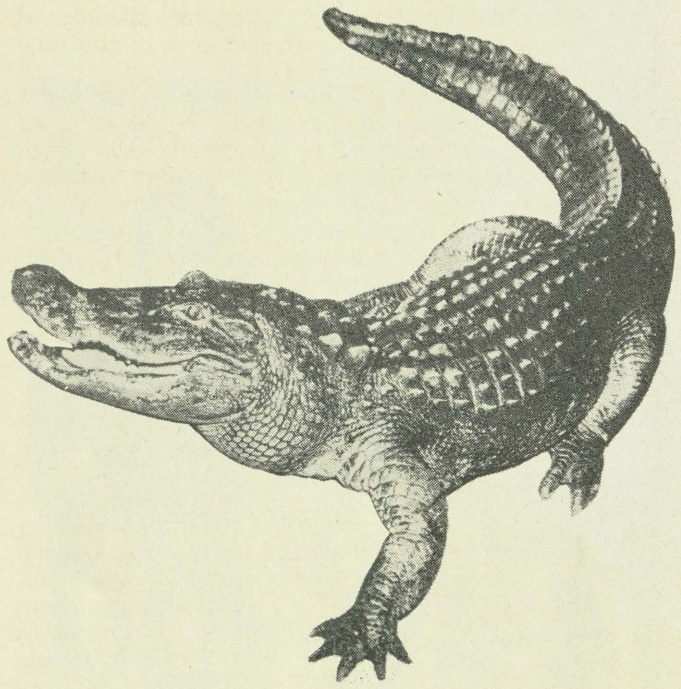
The female must be 9 years old before she can lay eggs and has been known to breed in captivity up to age 40. Gators so confined have attained an age of 56 years, growing about one foot per year for the first 10. Today the average length is 8 feet. In 1889 it was 16. Before that, before man moved in on his range, 20 feet was not uncommon.

Many people today think the alligator is limited to Florida. Actually it exists from the Carolinas throughout the Gulf States. In addition, there are 25 known species of crocodilians throughout the tropic countries of the world, ranging from the great 30-foot Indian gavial—it's narrow, fish-catching jaws making it harmless to man—to the four-foot Central American cayman. There are two species of gators, the American and Chinese; seven of caymans; fourteen of crocodiles; two of gavials.

The croc and gator are often needlessly confused. The gator has a blunt, rounded snout; the croc a comparatively narrow one. The croc, far more vicious, is of light clay color, the other is dark brown. Too, the gator's first and fourth lower teeth on each side usually slide into corresponding pits in the upper jaws whereas the croc's teeth are all visible outside.

Once the hissing, blowing gators were so plentiful in Florida they lay jammed side by side, like floating logs. Then, from 1880 to 1894, when alligator shoes and bags became the rage in fashion, over 2 million of the helpless saurians were ruthlessly butchered by hide hunters who often sold the skins for as little as $10 per hundred. The stench of the rotting bodies on the banks of once peaceful Everglades waterways soured the air and drew hordes of black vultures.

Although seldom given credit for it, old Iron-Tail constantly aids both the land and the sportsman. By maintaining open water surfaces at his "wallow-hole"



he makes possible fish and wildlife propagation. He also eats many gars and turtles that prey on bass and similar game fish.

Usually there is an underwater entrance from the water hole to a subterranean den which may consist of several 25-foot tunnels, all emptying into his main "apartment." Here he seeks seclusion, particularly when cold weather comes. During such time he may lie dormant until spring.

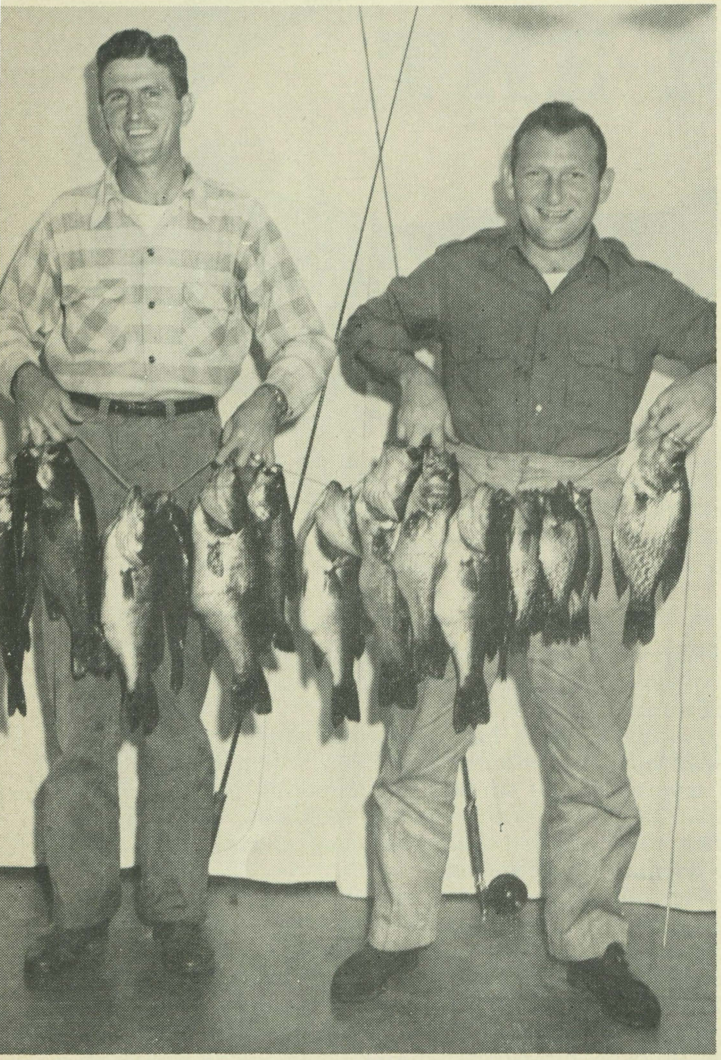
For some reason the gator's tongue is fastened throughout its length to the lower jaw. Each eye is protected by an auxiliary transparent lid that permits the eye to remain open while submerged in muddy water. Mother Nature has also equipped him with a special automatic check valve which shuts off his mouth from his throat, thereby permitting the jaws to remain open under water when he swims, impelled by his powerful tail.

A crocodile's eyes will water when its mouth is so full that the contents press against its lachrymal glands. Hence the expression "crocodile tears" was coined during the European Middle Ages as an ex-

(Continued on Page 41)

A FLY ROD FOR

The author didn't believe his buddy's talk about a six pound bass on a five ounce fly rod and so another fly versus plug argument is settled.



Proud are the smiles displayed by Major Frank Coachman (left) and the author as they hold this limit catch of Florida large mouth black bass. It was this string taken from Lake Orange that convinced Captain Kayner a flyrod and bass make an active combination.

THIS ISN'T just another fishing story. You can hear *them* at any tackle counter or fish camp or in any general store. No, this is a story about a hard head that was converted and made to admit defeat.

It began when Frank, an old Army buddy of mine, said, "Yep, Howard, your plug rod has its place but until you've hooked six pounds of black bass with a five ounce fly rod, you haven't fished."

Frank, a Major of Infantry from South Carolina, and I had not crossed paths since early 1948 when we were stationed together at Carlisle Barracks in Pennsylvania. During the intervening period a war and two bodies of ocean had separated us and our "fishin'" escapades, but as soon as we found out that we were going to be able to swap fishing experiences again (this time in the world's most famous fishing spot, Florida) we began to clean reels, sharpen hooks and overhaul outboard motors.

Our reunion began with a handshake, a cold glass and a long awaited exchange of fishing experiences that took us from Bavaria to Japan. It ended with a friendly disagreement. We couldn't get together on the best way to lure, hook and land Florida's fabulous big mouth bass.

Frank was all fly rod. The only approach in my book was with a five foot casting rod and a Shakespeare reel teamed up with a lot of patience and stamina. His favorite lure was a red bucktail attached to a No. 3 spinner with a piece of pork rind trailing behind. Mine was a Lucky 13.

If conversation could fill a deep freeze with black bass, mine would have been overflowing that night. Fishing words flowed as each of us tried to convince the other of the sure fire success that our tackle had produced. With tongue in cheek, I listened to fly rod escapades during which everything from gar to pickerel had wetted the creel.

Well, to be polite, I bought part of it. I bought his action packed tales of fighting rainbow trout deep in the Bavarian Alps. I even accepted a yarn about fly rod fishing for pickerel during his tour of duty at Ft. Dix, New Jersey. I backed up and yelped, though, when he said that he would out-do me and my "plug rod," as he phrased it, on Orange Lake when both of us were pitted against the biggest black bass in the country.

So, I made a bargain with him. I suggested that we take two days, starting at sun up and ending at sun down, and devote one of them exclusively to fly rod fishing and the other to plug casting. Here then is the meat of my tale.

The first day of our bargain broke cloudy with a bone chilling drizzle of rain falling. Neither of these factors helped to reduce my skepticism. It was 4:30 a.m. when I pressed the button on my alarm and as quietly as possible, I slid out of bed trying not to awaken my wife who, with Frank's wife (faithful to that peculiar group of females called fishing widows) thought that we were both a little crazy to roll out

FLORIDA BASS?

By CAPTAIN HOWARD W. KAYNER

at *that* ridiculous hour.

After plugging in the coffee pot and drinking a cup of that life giving fluid, I did what all fishermen do at 4:30 in the morning. I scooped up my lunch and my gear and set out to pick up my brother conspirator. I arrived at Frank's house about 5:00 a.m. and after a second cup of coffee, both of us loaded up the car and were on our way.

Orange Lake, a "bassy" body of water with acres of floating hyacinths and lily pads is about 15 miles from Gainesville, our present station. It is lined with fish camps as are most of Florida's fishing areas. Since service life is not conducive to transporting, in addition to kids, wives and household goods, a boat, we made our headquarters at Cross Creek Camp, where we rented a nice light craft suitable for our brand of fishing.

On the way to the lake, Frank had outlined our approach to the day's activities. As to the rig: a fly rod, a six pound test leader, a bucktail, a No. 3 spinner and a piece of pork rind with a forked tail; as to the method: after motoring to the edge of a likely looking "floating island," one of us would move to the rear of the boat and with skillful strokes of a canoe paddle, dipped noiselessly into the black water, maneuver the other to within throwing distance, about 35 feet, of the hyacinths and pads, where a big mouth waited to pounce on our bucktail. Paddlers would change every hour.

Completely agreed on the rig and the method, we transferred our gear to the boat and with Frank's five horse Mercury, Mark 5, moved rapidly down the creek towards Orange Lake, which lay about three quarters of a mile from the fish camp.

The rain had stopped and a chilly dawn was breaking as we pulled up to an irregular island edge floating in about 10 ft. of quiet black water. Not a ripple stirred the surface of the lake as I moved to the rear of the boat to take up the paddling duties. I wanted to see an expert in action before I attempted to wield my amateurish fly rod wrist, so Frank took over the bow.

Using a 5 ounce Shakespeare fly rod, he began whipping his bucktail around, in, through and between the hyacinths and pads that dotted the most beautiful bass water I have ever seen. The ease and speed and accuracy of his casting fascinated me. I pictured myself with my casting rod trying to deliver as accurately and rapidly as he was with that ungainly eight foot pole. I thought to myself, but I would never let him know it, "Maybe he does have the solution to comfortable and productive fishing."

Bass such as these will convince any angler that a flyrod for Florida bass supplies action unsurpassed.

His technique involved a minimum number of "false casts." Asserting that "false casting" tended to lessen the chances of a strike because of the startling and unnatural effect that it had on the fish, he made every back cast result in an accurate forward motion that landed his lure in the exact spot that he wanted. After the rig landed, he would withdraw his line with a steady twisting of his left hand that resulted in smooth revolutions of the spinner. He would continue this action for about five feet, then whip his rod to the rear, withdraw his lure and replace it in another likely spot. I am going to stick my neck out here and say that he could put that bucktail in the water four times to every cast that I might make with my "plug rod." I will probably have the wrath of all avid plug casters down around me for that statement but based on my experience with rod and reel, which isn't as elaborate as many, I won't back down. Naturally, this realization hurt my fisherman's pride a little, but I figured it to be his show because he was out to prove a point and to reap a convert. And he almost had one the first 15 minutes of his hour, but as the time progressed unproductively, I began to question and to beam just a little. I didn't say, "I told you so," but I thought it as his hour drew to a close and I changed places with him.

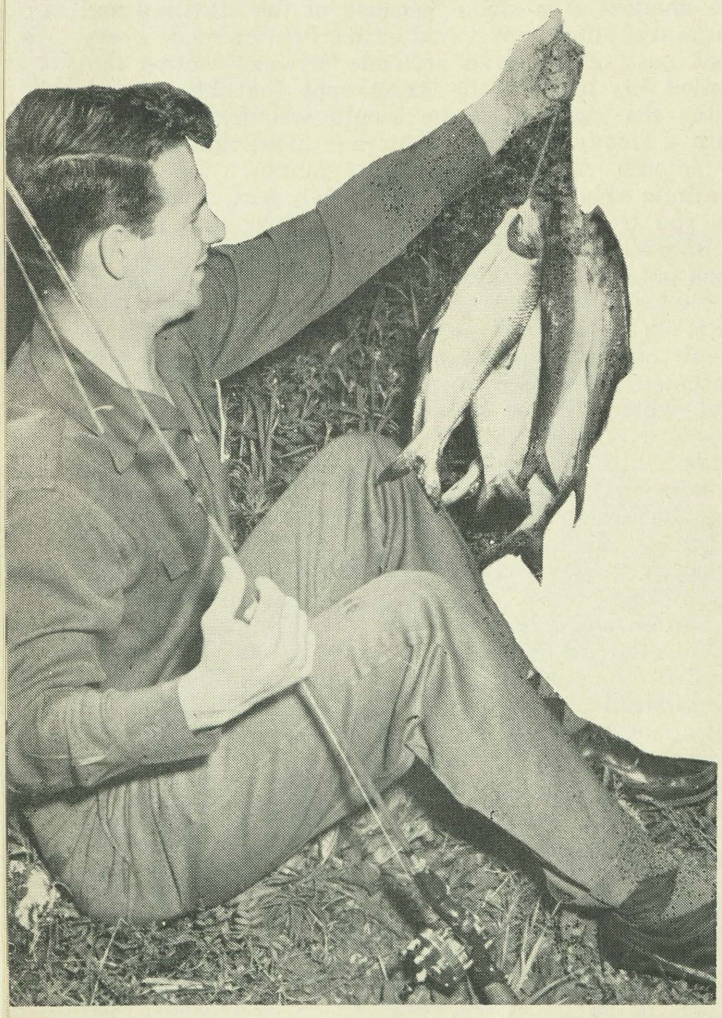
Not an avid fly rod fisherman, I had neither expended too much time nor money on the art. I had a comparatively cheap rod, much shorter than Frank's but about the same weight. The last time I had used it was in 1952 in Germany when I fished in Bavaria for rainbows. My technique was rusty with flys, and above all with spinners. Forsaking my pride, I rigged up, made a few practice casts into the open water and got down to business. Even though I wasn't sold on this approach I was determined to get a good day of fishing out of it, so rather than change fishing spots, since all of Orange Lake is ideal, I picked up the edge where Frank had left off.

It was about 7:30 a.m. when Frank maneuvered the boat to within 25 or 30 feet of the hyacinths and I made my first cast. The rig hit a pad, hesitated a moment and then slithered into the water and I withdrew it in the manner that I had observed Frank. No results. After dragging it five feet or so, I made a second try about four feet from my initial spot. No soap. I dragged five feet, withdrew and delivered again. This time I practically fell out of the boat with surprise and shock. The lure struck a large lily

(Continued on Page 38)

DYNAMITE COMES IN SM

The author takes a crack at a new game fish in West Florida and finds the action terrific.



This string of Alabama shad was taken at the south end of Dead Lakes near the Chipola River cutoff. The impressive fighting abilities of this fish, especially on light tackle, will add greatly to the sport fishing of this area. The only other famous shad fishing grounds is in the St. Johns River near Lemon Bluff where the Atlantic shad, which is a different specie than the Alabama shad, is taken by hundreds of anglers each spring. State law prohibits the fishing for shad from March 15 to November 15.

THE OLD FIREBALL had just slipped below the shaggy cypress fringed horizon on the western margin of the Dead Lakes as we guided the boat from the churning yellow waters of the "Cutoff" into the clear current of the Chipola River.

Although the month of February was hardly well under way, the gentle down river breeze bore with it the earthy aroma of sun warmed river swamp faintly tinted with the ethereal fragrance of early flowering bushes whose presence was denoted by scattered splashes of snowy white against the somber background of gray green cypress.

The throttled down motor purred smoothly, pushing the boat at a crawl against the current. From the depths behind the boat, a small silver spoon transmitted its pulsing signal up the fifty yards of nylon line to the tip of the slender fiber glass casting rod. We settled back to enjoy the serenity of that spring evening.

Suddenly the rod arched violently sternward. A snag, I thought, quickly cutting off the motor. The boat picked up momentum as the current carried it back downstream. I began reeling rapidly to recover slack line when the realization suddenly dawned that the "snag" was moving toward me as if jet propelled, a most unsnaglike phenomenon. By dent of the most frantic sort of reeling, I managed to take up the slack. The snag continued its upstream run until it drew along side the boat. Peering into the depths, I caught sight of a slender fish-like shadow that flashed silver as the creature made a sizzling ninety degree switch to carry the line under the boat in a series of bulldog lunges.

Frantically I clawed at the motor in an attempt to tilt it out of the way, all the while clinging to the dangerously bowed rod. Another quick reverse of field on the part of my finny adversary and the line was wrapped securely around the propeller. There was a flash of silver in a flurry of spray a few yards behind the boat, and the line went slack. Slowly I reeled in the limp line and we sat a moment to take stock of the situation.

The incident just related had its beginning a few days before. A net had been placed across the Chipola River, just above the point where it joins forces with the muddy waters of the Cutoff, as part of the routine activities in rough fish control. A short time later the net was checked by Mel Huish, Project Leader from Leesburg, Bill McLane, a "visiting fireman" from Welaka, and myself.

In addition to the numerous gar and other rough fishes caught, a goodly number of Alabama Shad were found ensnared in the meshes of the net.

The finding of Alabama Shad in the net was, of course, neither unusual nor unexpected. The species

ALL PACKAGES

By MAURICE NAGGIAR

has long been known to occur in the major watersheds of west Florida, including the Apalachicola drainage of which the Chipola River is a part. The incident did however, initiate a good deal of lively speculation among the three avid spare time anglers. Those of us who have been fortunate enough to savor the tackle testing qualities of the 'Bama's close relative, the American Shad of the St. Johns River, do not pass lightly over the opportunity to cross swords with any fish so closely resembling that silvery scrapper.

Before they left for their respective stations, my two companions commissioned me, under threat of some undisclosed but undoubtedly dire action, to thoroughly test the sporting qualities of the Chipola's untapped shad population. Thus it came about that I found myself, primed with detailed instructions from the two shad fan friends, chugging at trolling speed up the Chipola on that early spring evening.

In searching through the literature, it soon became apparent that little information is available on *Alosa alabamae* as the species is known in ichthyological circles.

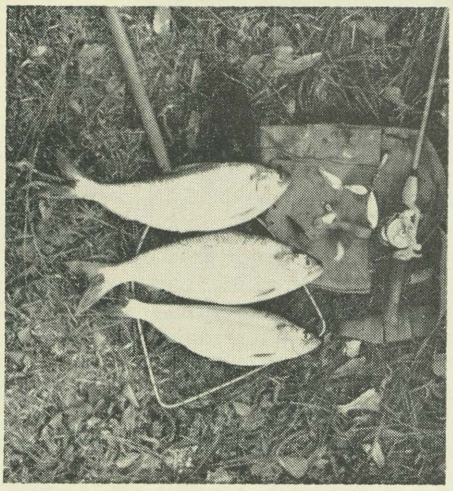
The Alabama shad belongs to that group of fishes classified as the Clupeidae—the herring family. Near relatives include the larger American Shad of St. Johns River fame, the glut herring, the hickory shad, and the alewife.

The Alabama shad spends most of its time in salt water, ascending fresh water streams to spawn. The start of the run has been reported to be sometime in November or December. The average weight of over 150 Chipola River 'bamas was slightly over 1½ pounds. The female considerably outweighs the male. The largest fish of those weighed, tipped the beam at slightly less than 3 pounds.

An average female lays from 15,000 to 20,000 eggs which hatch in about 6 days. The young spend their first summer in fresh water after which time they descend to salt water where they spend from 2 to 4 years before making their first spawning run.

The young feed on small crustaceans, insects, and small fish. The adults, while in fresh water, apparently do not feed extensively although stomachs of such fish sometimes contain varying amounts of small aquatic organisms. The adults return to salt water upon completion of the spawning activity.

After that first experimental shadding jaunt, Jerry Banks, Fisheries Technician from Wewahitchka, and I spent a considerable amount of time testing a variety of tackle on the new-found gamesters. Trolling with small wobbling spoons either alone or with a black or white bucktail trailing behind on a foot long length of leader proved most effective although both fly fishing gear and spinning tackle offer worthwhile possibilities.



Alabama shad belong to the herring family and near relatives include the American shad, glut herring, hickory shad and the alewife. It has been reported that they ascend fresh water streams sometime in November or December to spawn.

Not the least enjoyable part of a successful shadding trip is the pleasant experience that awaits you when you sit down to a meal of properly prepared shad. Although the recipes for shad cookery are numerous, here is a simple method that is guaranteed to produce mouth watering results.

After scaling the fish, fillet it carefully working from the back toward the belly. Squeeze a liberal amount of lemon juice over the fillets and set aside in a cool place for about half an hour before cooking. Put the fish in a 350 degree oven for about thirty minutes. A few minutes before the fish is done, smear softened butter over the fillets and give them another liberal covering of lemon juice. The numerous bones characteristic of the family may appear troublesome at first but the initial mouthful of the rich, tasty meat will convince you that the trouble is worth while.

The roe, dipped in egg batter and rolled in flour, corn meal, or cracker crumbs and fried in hot fat is in a class by itself.

Thoroughly puncture the membrane which encloses the eggs and the popping fat characteristic of the frying process will be minimized.

According to law, the period during which shad may be taken runs from November 15th to March 15th.

In the matter of fighting ability, many an enthusiastic shadder will give old *Alosa* the decision over a largemouth bass twice his size. At any rate, the next time you have the opportunity, give the 'Bama a go on light tackle. I am sure you will agree that dynamite does come in small packages. END.

NORTHEAS

By BILL SNYDER

DIRECTING THE activities of one of the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission's five districts, to my way of thinking, carries about the same responsibilities as assuming the duties of the mayor of Jacksonville or Miami or perhaps Tampa or St. Petersburg.

First of all, a division director is the direct representative of the state director as well as his district commissioner. He is primarily responsible for efficient law enforcement in his district, the wise spending of several hundred thousand dollars annually, and maintaining and building up pleasant public and press relations.

The duties of a division director are filled with many disappointments and a few heartbreaks, along with a substantial feeling of pride when a job is well done.

Here in the Northeast Division accomplishments are strictly the result of a "family" effort. All of this district's 41 employees share in the credit for the definite progress we have made in our day by day fight for improved game and fish restocking, better conservation of our wildlife, and growing respect for our law enforcement program.

The Northeast Division's headquarters is located in Jacksonville, and from this point all orders are issued that affect the activities of employees covering the 16 counties comprising this division. These counties include Alachua, Baker, Bradford, Clay, Columbia, Dixie, Duval, Gilchrist, Hamilton, Lafayette, Madison, Nassau, St. Johns, Suwannee, Taylor and Union.

The growing pressure of telephone and mail requests received regularly at the Jacksonville headquarters is indicative of the need for and success of divisional offices. The requests cover a varied field. Many of them are urgent while others are humorous and even sometimes come close to being ridiculous. As an example, a Jacksonville woman excitedly called the headquarters to report that she was unable to get off of her back porch due to the fact that a 12-foot alligator was sunning himself on her door step... Another became indignant when she was informed that a wildlife officer's service would not be available to rid her house of rats... We smiled politely recently when a gentleman visitor soberly requested permission to rid the St. Johns River of hyacinths by removing them with a dip net.

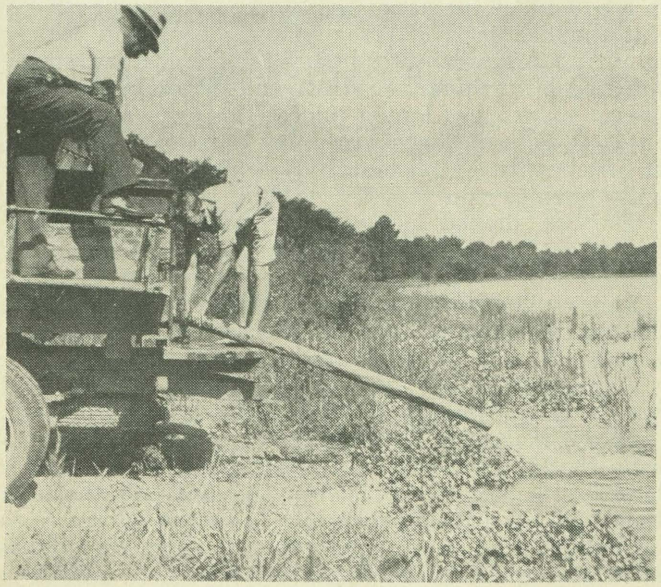
However, many of the requests for help are serious, such as a report that squirrels were eating the legs off a piano, or that a wildcat had entered a home and bitten a youthful member of the family. Of course, the majority of complaints concern the alleged violations of fish and game laws. It is well to explain that all complaints, trivial or otherwise, are promptly investigated by one or more of the division's wildlife officers.

A study of the records covering our last 12 months of activity proves the magnitude of the job of protecting our wildlife and promoting better conservation.

The record shows that our division wildlife officers during the last year travelled a total of 488,813 miles in pursuance of duties. They made 305 arrests of alleged game or fish law violators and spent a total of 644 hours testifying in the court cases. During the year they checked a total of 17,820 hunting and fishing licenses and travelled in outboard motor boats for a total of 10,054 hours. Division officers also spent more than 3,600 hours on game and fish management activities. In addition, the law enforcement officers talked about conservation to 5,367 persons. The divisional education officer addressed many thousands of persons who represented youth groups, civic organizations, luncheon clubs and sportsmen's clubs and has exhibited miles of moving picture film devoted to the theme of restoring and improving conservation.

The divisional seaplane was airborne for a total of 476 hours and covered a patrol that extended into 42,840 air miles. While aloft, the pilot can instantly communicate with all divisional radio-equipped automobiles operating in law enforcement.

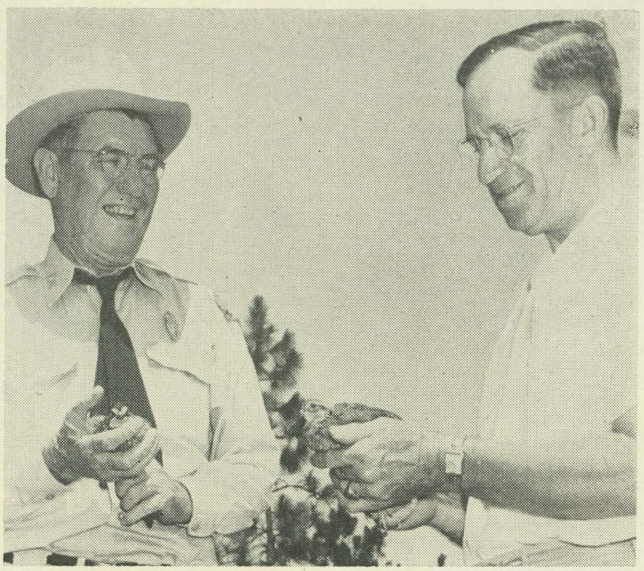
During the year special efforts were made to better acquaint the public with Game Commission activities and scores of television and radio programs, particularly in the



Since last spring a total of 148,600 bass and bream fingerlings have been released in scores of the division's lakes, ponds, streams, and rivers.

T DIVISION

Bill Snyder is the Director of the Northeast Division, Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, with headquarters in Jacksonville. Active in Commission work for over seven years now, Mr. Snyder started in the Education Department working on publications, exhibits, fairs, and Wildlife Training School. His vast knowledge concerning the activities of the Commission stems from an enthusiastic effort to conserve and better our game and fish habitat throughout the state.



During recent weeks Northeast Wildlife Officers have trapped more than 1,000 quail in urban areas and released them where they should guarantee a bumper crop for next hunting season.

Jacksonville area, have been devoted exclusviely in this direction. More than 170,000 school children and adults viewed the Game Commission's mobile animal and bird exhibit during the six weeks last year that it was supervised by our wildlife officers in the Northeast Division.

Sportsmen everywhere should be pleased with the impetus that has been given to restocking programs in the Northeast Division. Since last spring our wildlife officers have superintended the release of 365 wild turkeys in portions of 15 counties where proper habitat and food supplies met the necessary requirements. This will eventually result in making the Northeast Division one of the topflight turkey hunting sections of the state.

During recent weeks our officers have succeeded in trapping more than 1,000 quail from urban areas and releasing them in open territory where food and cover will assist in guaranteeing a bumper crop of quail for the next hunting season. In addition, 7 doe deer have recently been released in the Aucilla Game Management Area in Taylor County.

Since last spring a total of 148,600 bass and bream fingerlings were released in scores of the division's lakes, ponds, streams and rivers. All of these fingerlings were transported from the State-operated hatcheries to the Northeast Division in our own specially constructed fish tank truck.

Perhaps the greatest single effort devoted to improving sports fishing in the Northeast Division is now being conducted at Lake Newnan in Alachua County. Lake Newnan, once one of Florida's finest bass fishing sites, was diminished in importance pitifully when, through the years, it became overrun with rough fish. The State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission realized that drastic action was necessary to return this lake to its former popularity as a bass fishing mecca. With funds made available by the Commission for rough fish control, the gigantic operation for removing gizzard shad, gar fish, and other trash fish was started on October 19, 1953. You will be amazed to learn that the seining crews as of March 19, 1954, had removed a staggering total of 308,943 pounds of trash fish.

At the beginning of the operation last year, the proportion of trash fish compared to scale fish was exactly 93.34 per cent. The seining program is showing definite improvement of conditions in the lake and the percentage of trash fish being taken has dropped to 89.35. It is hoped that the lake will be returned to perfect balance by next June and that once again Lake Newnan will regain its former prominence as one of Florida's finest bass fishing lakes.

While our efforts are being devoted to improving the division's hunting and fishing, we also cope with the element that would undo all the good that results from better conservation practices. We have seized many thousands of pounds of fresh water game fish while they were being channelled by truck toward northern bootleg fish markets and have seized and disposed of a total of 232 fish traps, the majority of them being operated illegally in the St. Johns River. At the same time, our officers have seized and destroyed more than 2,000 yards of

Constant radio communication keeps Wildlife Officers in instant contact with divisional headquarters whether they are traveling in plane, jeep or truck.

In the past year our Wildlife Officers have superintended the release of 365 wild turkeys in portions of 15 counties where proper habitat and food supplies meet the necessary requirements.

seine that was in illegal use on Orange and Lochloosa Lakes in Alachua County.

Plans are being made to step up our fight against illegal fishing and hunting in the Northeast Division. In our never-ending fight against the fire hunting of deer, it is good to report that six illegally killed deer were seized by our officers and released to charitable organizations and that at least three hunters served jail sentences and others paid heavy court fines for their defiance of the protection offered to deer in the state of Florida.

Outstanding among the accomplishments of this division was the aerial transportation of 5,000 bass fingerlings from the Jacksonville Naval Air Station to the United States Naval Base in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, where they were released in a river to provide future bass fishing for American boys who yearned for the sport while far away from their homes.

Another forward step was made some months ago when all division officers were briefed in the use of shotguns, rifles and revolvers during a three-day course under the direction of Ken Beegle, one of America's most outstanding marksmen.

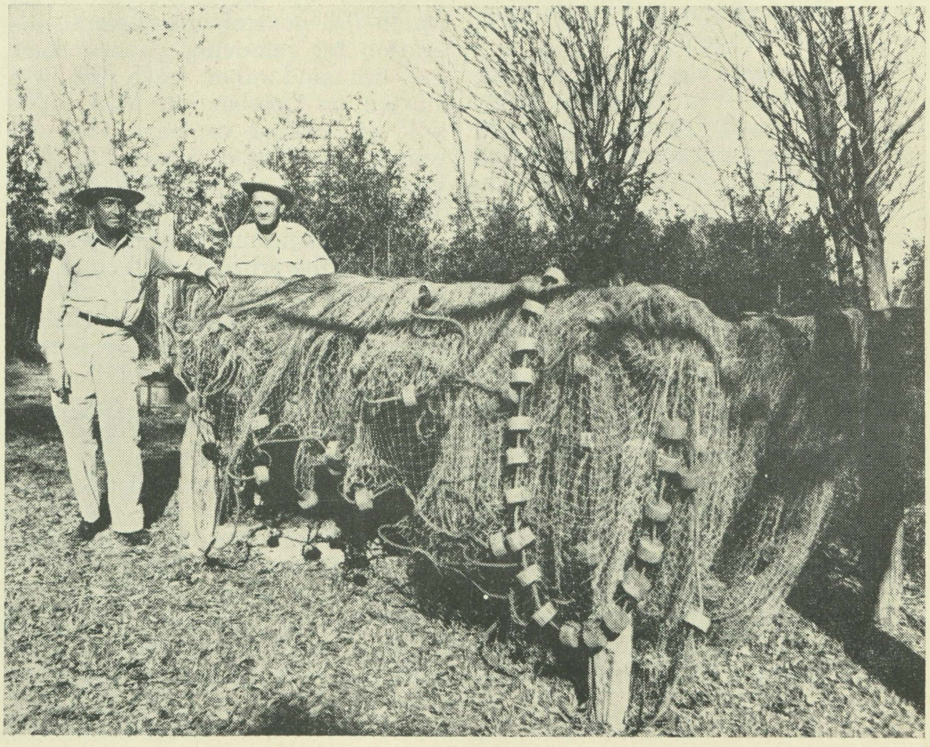
In an effort to keep all officers fully acquainted with the various problems that arise throughout the district, the Northeast Florida Wildlife Officer's Club was organized a number of months ago and all employees of the division voluntarily enrolled as members. The club holds monthly meetings in various portions of the district, at which time our law enforcement and other problems are discussed.

Guests at each of the meetings include the sheriffs and county judges representing four or five counties and these officials offer their suggestions or criticisms to help make us a more efficient working organization.

Although I have, because of lack of space, omitted many other activities that are carried on daily in the Northeast Division, I am sure that you will agree with what I said earlier—the successful operation of one of Florida's Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission Divisions carries with it practically all of the responsibilities assumed by the mayor of any large city.

Yes, being a division director carries with it many disappointments and a few heartbreaks—but also a wonderful feeling of pride in doing an important and necessary job.

Confidentially, the director of this division deserves little credit for the successes registered during the last year. They result wholly from a pleasant association with a go-getting Game Commissioner and the unwavering helpfulness and interest of the swellest bunch of wildlife officers that ever wore the uniform of the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. END.



Officers have seized and destroyed more than 2,000 yards of seine that was in illegal use on Orange and Lochloosa Lakes in Alachua County.

DUCKS IN THE PINK

By ANKER G. PEDERSEN

Biologist Winston and his day's "catch" ready to be dyed for identification.

If some bright morning you wake up to discover pink ducks flying north just take it easy. You're not suffering from last night's party, because ducks it is and pink they are. It's all part of experiments to gain information concerning the life and flyways of our duck population.

In varied formations, clinging to their course with the tenacity of a pilot guiding his plane home, countless hordes of ducks brave every element and run the gauntlet of predators to complete their seasonal flights from winter quarters to breeding grounds. Each flyway used by the ducks during migration employs a different color dye for identification. The birds are under constant observation by spotter planes on their trip to their summer grounds.

Frank Winston, Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission biologist assigned to this project, traps the ducks for tagging and dyeing. He told me I had to get up early in the morning to get any pictures of the operation.

"I know daybreak is no time for pictures but it is the best time to take the ducks from the traps," he said. "The ducks are still at ease and we don't have to contend with dead ducks," Frank explained as he dipped the underside of the wing of the first duck.

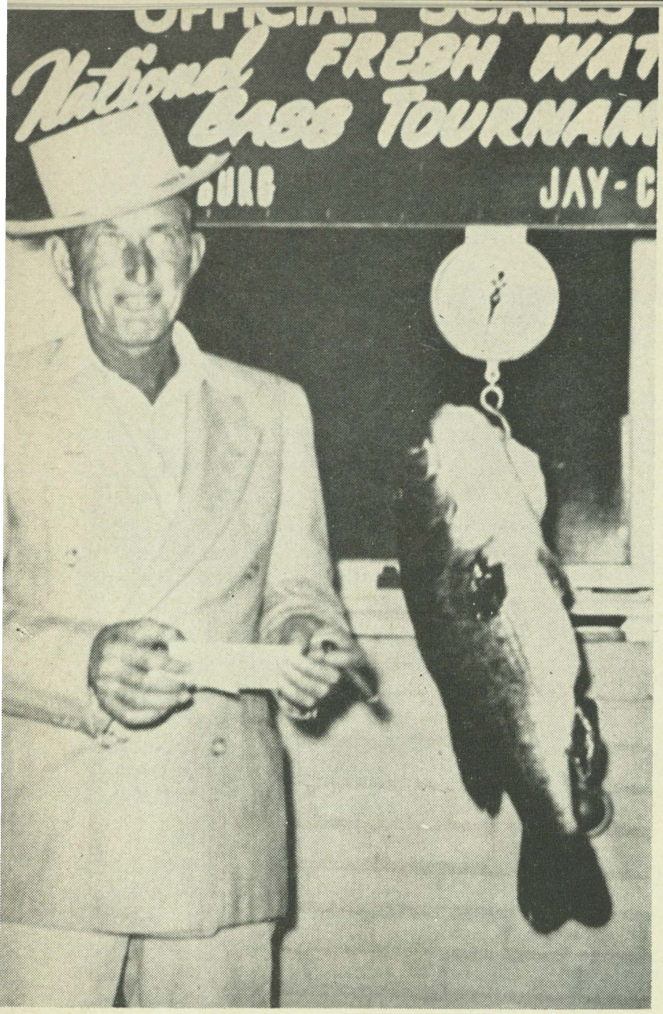
The dye is ordinary cloth dye with some spirit added to penetrate the duck's natural water proofing. As the bird folds its wings after the undersides of them have been dipped, the dye is transferred to its breast and sides. Most of the bird is a brilliant deep pink which is noticeable from a great distance.

But don't worry, friend. That bird you shoot and intend to have mounted next fall will look like the real McCoy for the ducks go back to normal coloring after molting.

END.

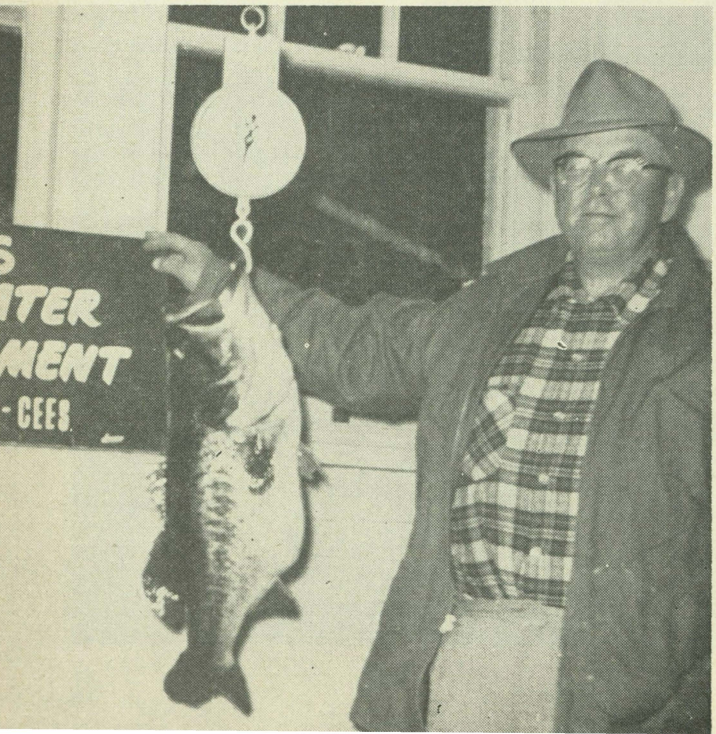
Banding of the birds is part of the operation and done with expert care so as not to injure the bird.

The finished product. The pink duck, looking like something from Arabian Nights will be on its way to the wild blue yonder, showing the rest of the country that it winters in FLORIDA.



It took a Florida large-mouth bass going better than 13 pounds to win this tournament and Travis Langston did it with this one that tipped the scales at 13 pounds, 7 ounces.

This 13 pound, 4 ouncer ran a close second in the overall tournament and netted R. E. Allison one of the weekly prizes.



27TH BASS

Leesburg Junior Chamber of Commerce

THE ANNUAL National Fresh Water Bass Tournament gets "bigger and better every year."

It all began twenty-seven years ago when the sporting enthusiasts of Leesburg felt that the terrific bass fishing in this area warranted some sportsmen's competition. Sponsored by the Leesburg Junior Chamber of Commerce, it has become such a highly regarded tournament that in recent years manufacturers of fishing gear from all over the country have sent prizes for presentation, in addition to those furnished by local merchants. The 27th annual tournament has just ended—and it was definitely the biggest and the best ever.

Derby Day, January 1, began the tournament with entrants fishing for a given period of time, five hours, in their choice of any of the over 1400 named lakes in Lake County. The lucky fisherman, Elmer Carpenter of Scott City, Kansas (incidentally, last year's grand winner), landed an eight-pound four-ounce bass and walked off with the derby prize, a ten-foot fishing boat.

When the tournament was officially closed on March 31, almost 1,000 pounds of bass had been entered! There were 117 entries and fishermen from more than 20 states were represented. The average poundage of winning fish in the weekly contests was a whopping 11 pounds, and the average size of all entries was more than seven pounds per fish.

Travis Langston of Bushnell took the top honor. He brought in a bass that tipped in at 13 pounds, 7 ounces. That fish won a boat and a motor for Travis as grand prizes for the entire tournament.

R. E. Allison of Asheville, North Carolina, was the out-of-state winner. His prize was a week's stay at Twin Palms.

W. E. Thorton of Newton Grove, North Carolina, won second prize, $50 worth of spinning tackle.

Weekly prizes were awarded to the nimrod who caught the top weight of the week and to the fisherman who caught a bass nearest to a secret weight for the week. Here's a rundown of the winners from the time the tournament began on January 1:

Jan. 10—Elmer Carpenter of Scott City, Kansas, brought in a bass that weighed 8 pounds and 5½ ounces to win the first weekly prize. The secret weight award went to Roger Bedell of Leesburg.

Jan. 17—R. E. Allison of Asheville, North Carolina, turned in his 13-pound, 4-ounce beauty that not only won the weekly prize, but also was to be good for a bigger one in the overall judging. Zack Workman (of whom you'll hear a lot more if you read on) won the secret weight.

Jan. 24—D. W. Jarvis of Tavares, Florida, took the blue ribbon with a 10-pound, 2-ounce catch. Robert P. Jones of Leesburg was the secret weight winner.

Jan. 31—Zack Workman, Leesburg's top angler from tourney reports, cast his way to the top with a 10-pound, 10-ounce fighter. H. R. Moses won the secret weight.

BUSTIN' RODEO

Presents Awards to Winners from 9 States

Almost 1,000 pounds of bass was entered by anglers from 20 states during Lake County's 27th Annual Bass Tournament.

Elmer Carpenter, fisherman par excellent of Scott City, Kansas, with his Derby Day catch. His prize catch of the day, an 8 pound, 4 ounce bass.

Feb. 7—W. J. Wynn of Birmingham, Alabama, was tops with a 10-pound, 1-ounce bass and Joe Wilkins and Roger Bedell, both of Leesburg, tied for the secret weight.

Feb. 14—Harold M. LeVan of Reading, Pennsylvania, snagged a fat one at exactly 10 pounds and Russell Perkins of Leesburg was the secret weight winner.

Feb. 21—Pete Garner of Tavares brought the average up with an 11-pound, 2-ounce catch and M. E. Browner of Lady Lake, Florida, took the secret weight.

Feb. 28—W. E. Thorton, Newton Grove, North Carolina, landed his 11-pound, 12-ounce battler that won his second prize in the overall contest. John W. Cook, St. Louis, Missouri, got the secret weight.

Mar. 7—R. E. Allison, that man from Carolina, again came up with a big one, this time at 11 pounds, 3 ounces. J. F. Underwood of Bluefield, West Virginia, was the secret weight winner.

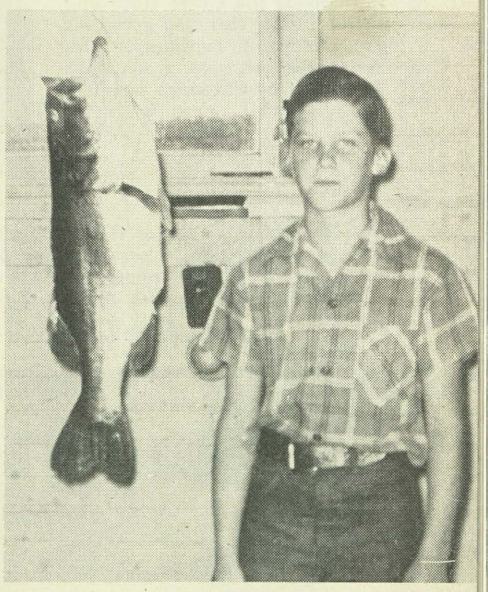
Mar. 14—Al Parrish of Leesburg broke the ice with a 10-pound, 2-ounce bass and Glen Mighell of Leesburg took the secret weight.

Mar. 21—Travis Langston, of Bushnell, just a week before the tourney ended, brought in his grand prize winner and Zack Workman (yep, again) won the secret weight.

Mar. 31—O. C. Johnson of Marysville, Ohio, captured the last weekly award with an 11-pound, 3-ounce fish. Alvin M. Wauer of Halescorner, Wisconsin, was the secret weight winner.

Now a word or two about this fellow Zack Workman. Zack was the busiest fisherman to enter the tourney and the most productive. He entered a total of 177 pounds, 3 ounces, including 24 bass. Three of his catches were over 10 pounds and nine were better than 8 pounds. If you want to equal Zack's record, consider this—his average entry weighed seven and one-quarter pounds! He was presented a special plaque by the Junior Chamber of Commerce and for good reason.

Perhaps the most amazing fisherman of the tournament was Tommy Hanson, aged 10, of Lady Lake. Tommy's parents chuckled as he walked down to the lake with a cane pole, bream hooks, and tadpoles for bait. They didn't laugh long because in about a half-hour he returned dragging a 9-pound, 1-ouncer. His dad, a believer in the fancy plug fisherman, called it "beginner's luck," but Tommy went back to the lake and, with his same technique, caught a 7½-pounder—just to prove that it wasn't luck! END.

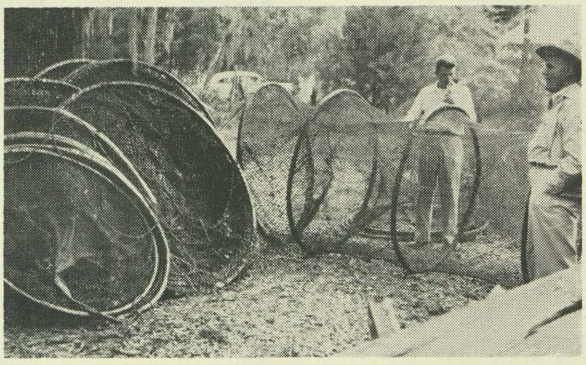


Tommy Hanson, the tadpole fisherman, with his 9 pound, 1 ounce bass he caught on a cane pole and bream hook.

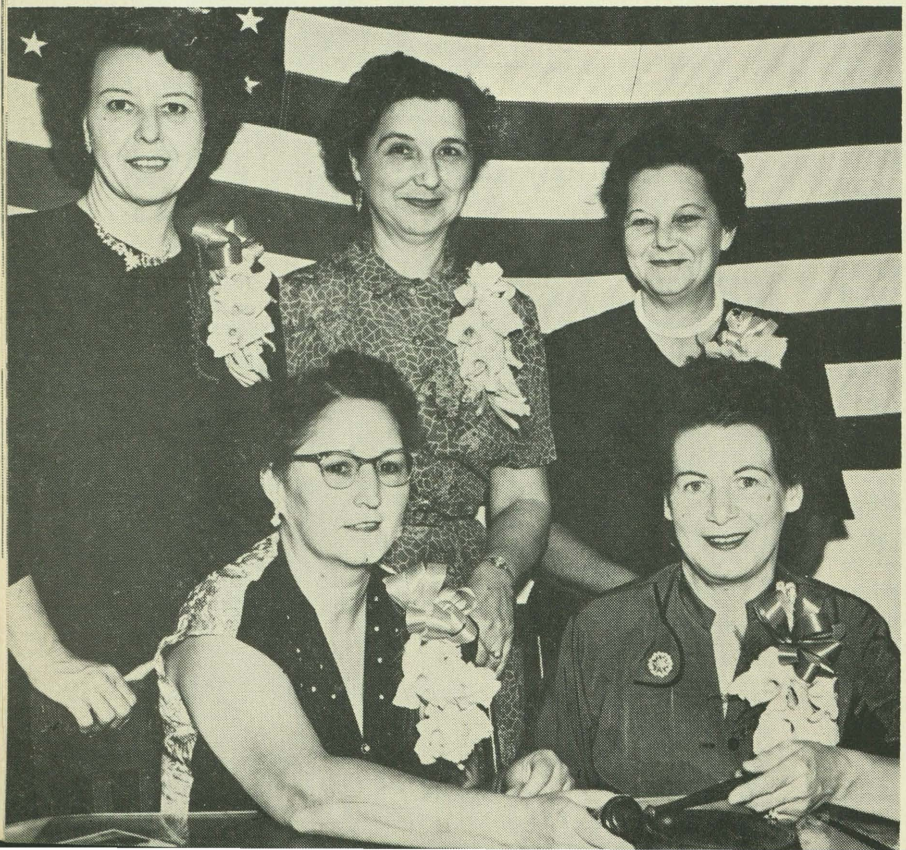
Jimmy Hanford, chairman of the 27th Annual National Fresh Water Bass Tournament, presents a plaque and scroll to Zack Workman, the "busiest entrant" of the tournament.

AROUND

Last month, Wildlife Officers engaged in "Operation Fish-trap" seizing 263 illegal fish traps. These traps contained a total of 3,429 bream and 55 bass as well as 700 catfish. This operation will continue throughout the entire state until the illegal fish trap activities are cut to a minimum. The seriousness of such a situation is evident by the large numbers of game fish taken by these traps.



The Sportsman's Club of Dade County recently held elections for the Women's and Junior Division, a hard working part of one of the finest sportman's clubs in the country. This photograph shows retiring president Mrs. J. C. Becorest (seated left) turning the gavel over to Mrs. J. Lee Cuddy, president for 1954. Standing are Mrs. W. Theobald, First Vice President, Mrs. M. Cunning, Secretary, and Mrs. R. C. Hill, Corresponding Secretary.

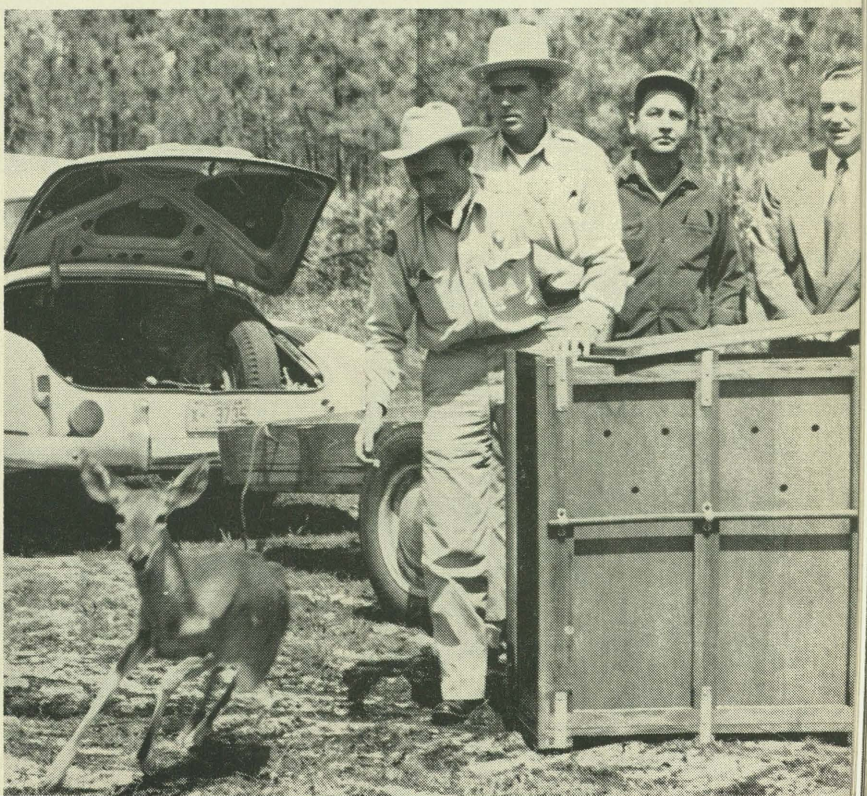


The gallant bream of Florida's
improving their living condition
Weeki Wachee Spring start bri
the hands of a fair maiden shou
great

THE STATE

Restocking is an important item in conserving the game of Florida and maintaining the excellent hunting we enjoy. Members of the Volusia Wildlife Association, the Halifax Hunting and Fishing Club and the New Smyrna Gun Club have all been active in the restocking of turkey in the Tomoka and Farmton Management areas.

Out of season hunters are finding it expensive around Brevard County where a hunter was fined $150 and made to replace the deer he killed last October. Wildlife Officers Carlos Hall, Andrew Sharpe and W. R. Draa watch with County Judge V. B. Carlton as replacement is released.

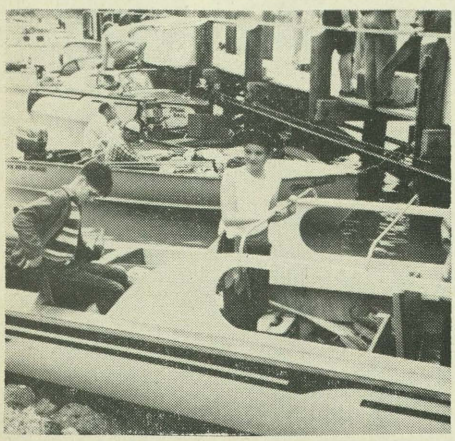


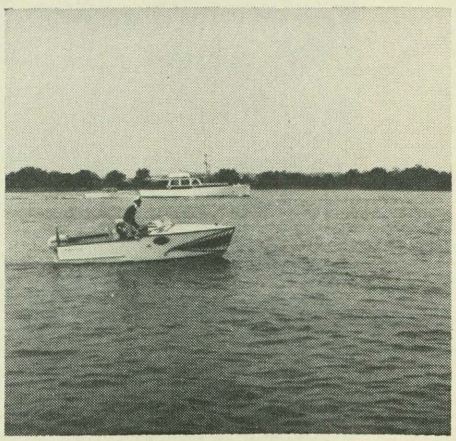
ne fish family are certainly
en the lovely "mermaids" of
lunch to them. Bread from
ice any poor fish to Florida's
ors.

PIRATES

The flotilla assembled and departs from Daytona Beach . . .

we stop at Marineland for fuel and supplies and then . . .





TREASURE CRUISE

On April 2, 3, and 4 a group of modern day buccaneers joined in making the annual Treasure Cruise sponsored by the Central Florida Cruisers Association. Here is the history of this epic cruise as logged by camera and pen.

Avast ye pollywoggin' lubber and lend an ear whilst I spin a yarn about the glorious cruise of '54. Take it from an old shellback swabby, this tale will put the wanting of a cruise thick in your veins when I tell of the places we've been and the things we did see.

It all started, m'lad in an inland port called Orlando, located smack-dab in the middle of a mariner's paradise that goes by the name of Florida. We have there a brotherhood known as the Central Florida Cruises' Association and this pack of weather-beaten masters decided a fortune could be reaped from a swift three day cruise through the northeastern part of this semi-tropical land.

We selected an old experienced master that calls himself "Happy Jim" Wilson to lead our little expedition and back in the winter months the word started going out that all hearty lads owning themselves a craft and desiring a little nautical adventure would, at midnight of the first day of the fourth month assemble at a saltwater port marked on the charts as Daytona Beach. A fine spot it was too, for launchin' a drive northward on the richest plunder a seafarin' man could want.

By sun-up of the second day of the month logged as April, the neatest little fleet that ever gathered cast off and set a northerly course heading for the seacoast town of Jacksonville Beach. About 400 of the scurviest bunch of cutthroats manning better than 200 vessels started that lusty cruise but, as luck would have it, some foul weather was encountered and a stiff nor'easter forced some of the lads to turn back.

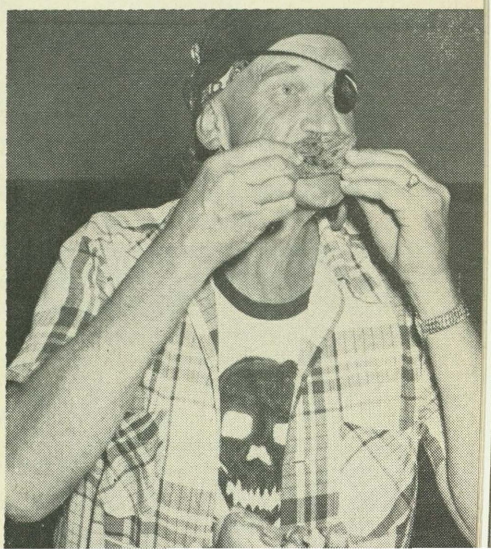
The rest of us kept on up the Intra-Coastal Waterway and on towards mid-day we eased into Marineland to take on supplies, receive last minute instructions, and then on to our first night's prize, Jacksonville Beach.

The association had lined up a crew of sympathizers within the walls and big doings were planned for when we landed. Aye matey, it was a sight t'see. Completely un-

(Continued on Next Page)

on to Jacksonville which we take over and . . .

feed our empty stomachs.



nerved they was as craft after craft, all flyin' the Jolly Roger, stormed the shore line and commandeered transportation to the center of town.

The first crews to arrive had everything shipshape in double time and it wasn't long before we were indulging in the finer arts of feasting, gaming and dancing.

What a time we had that night, lad. Food fit for an admiral! Fowl fried up in a way that has made this land famous and a hot black beverage made from beans expensively imported from below the equator was generously passed out by the citizens of our captured town.

Amidst some fancy dancing the lads and lassies was doin', old Bob Edwards won hisself a prize for sportin' a beard the likes of which

A queen is crowned and . . .

you lubbers know nothin' about. Skipper Guy Ferlita also received a share of the prizes for some gaudy attire he had donned, and our Cruise Master himself placed a queen's crown on the fair head of Cap'n Joe Swift's lovely missus and first mate.

Aye, laddie, we had us a successful first day and night that any stouthearted buccaneer would envy, but it was soon time to secure for the night as we needed an early start the next mornin' afore reinforcements could arrive.

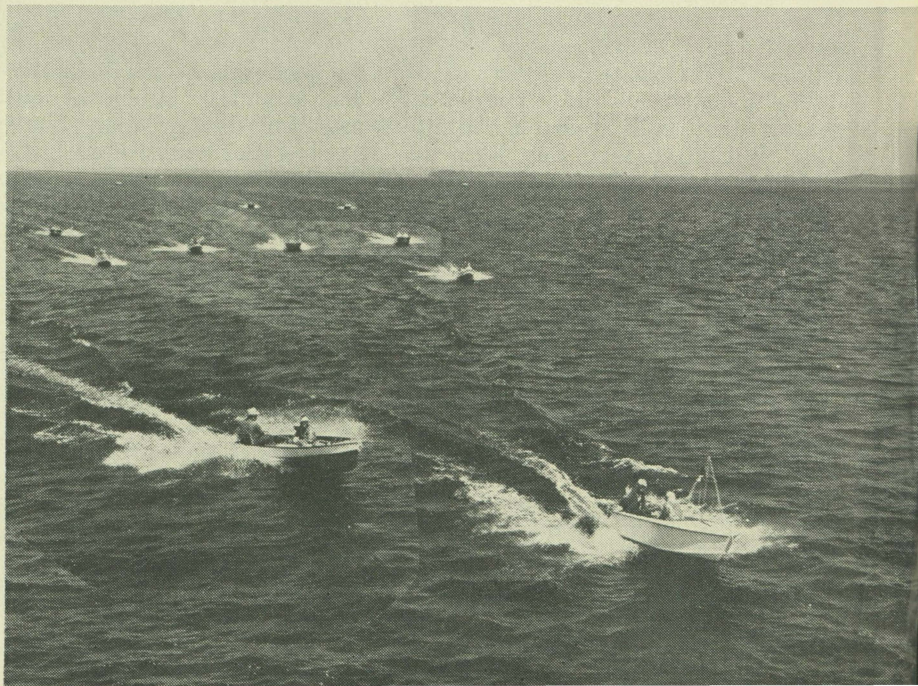
Before dawn we had loaded our booty and slipped back into the channel for a short run to the St. Johns River and then south to our

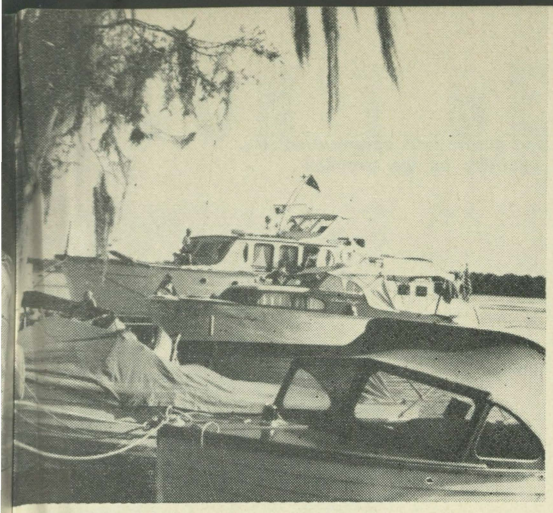
(Continued on Page 28)

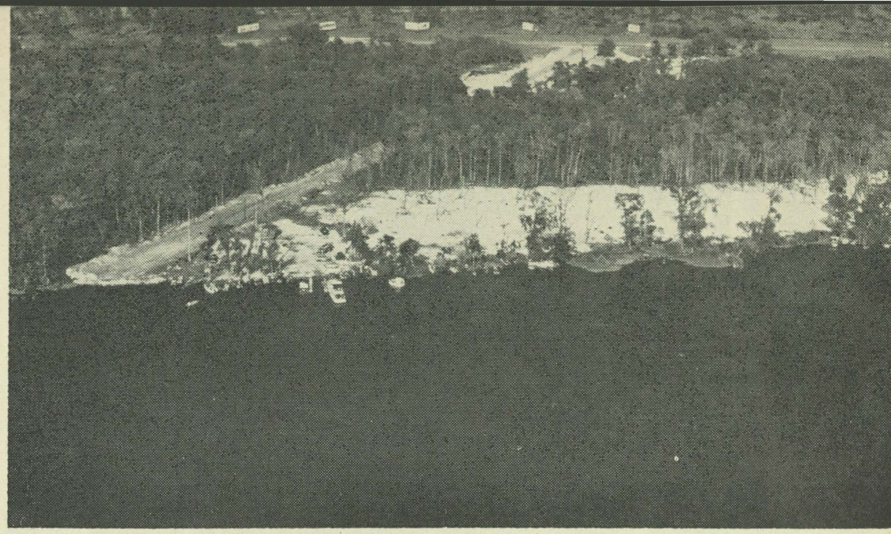
a beard is chosen and . . .

a merry time is had by all.

An early start down the St. Johns to . . .



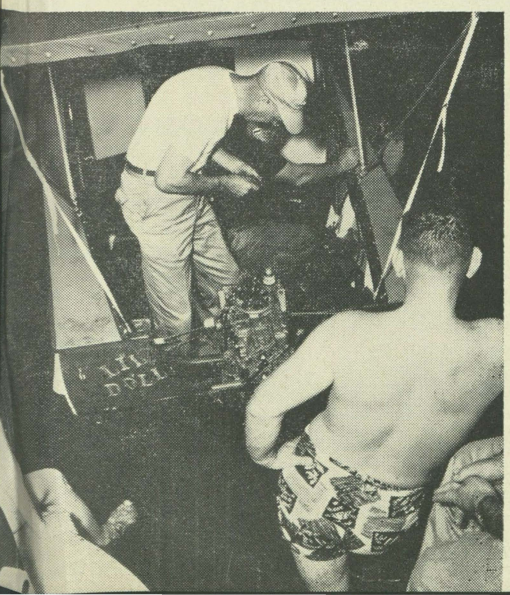


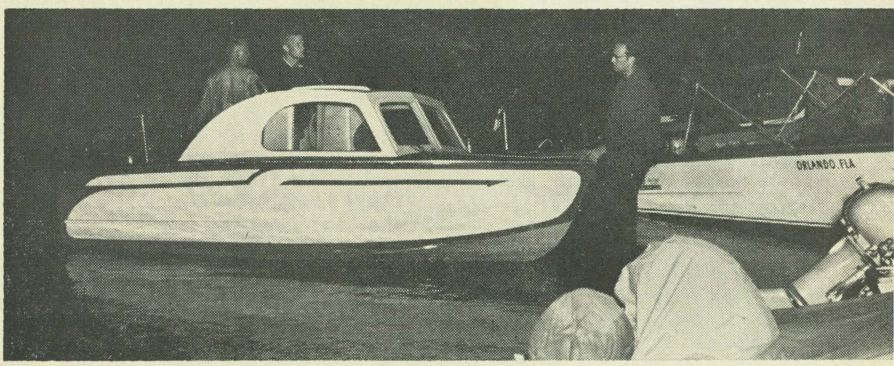


the Saturday night camp at . . .

PALATKA.

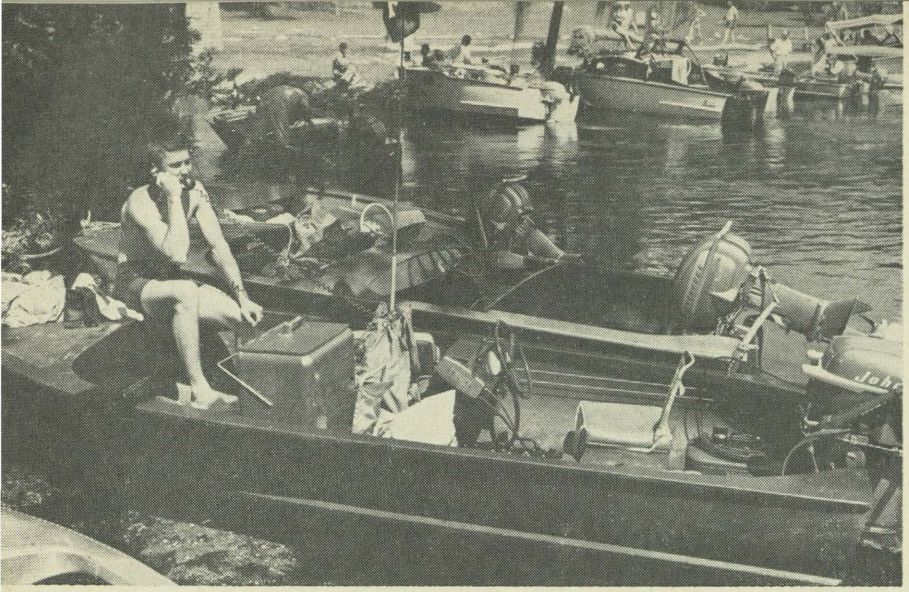
Repairs are made . . .





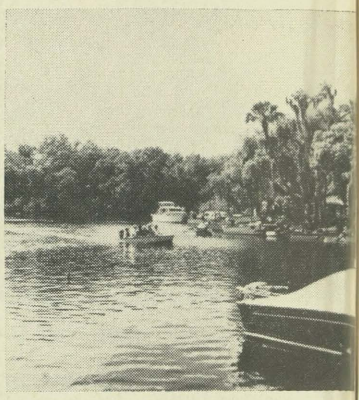
and late comers arrive while

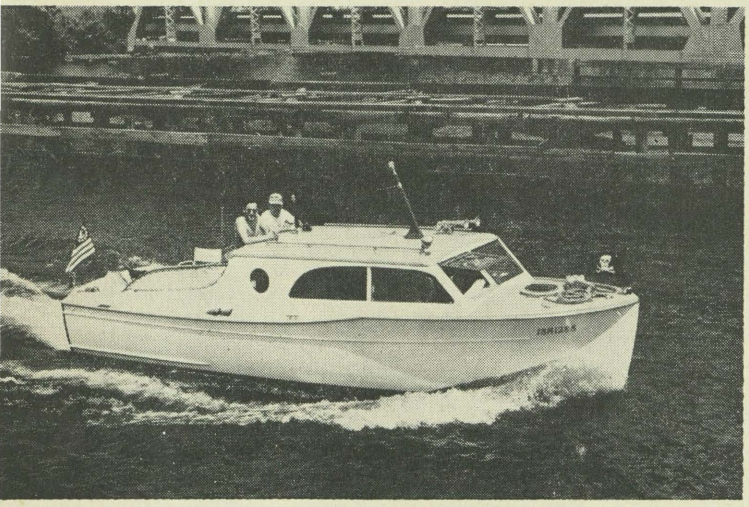
others sing of a victorious cruise.



down river from Silver Glen Springs to . . .

Escorts and continuous communication offer security as we proceed . . .





next base of supplies near the friendly city of Palatka.

A beautiful day it was as we victoriously sped up the meandering St. Johns. Not a single enemy outboard was sighted as we fished, swam and enjoyed an ever warming sun.

Early in the evening we sighted what was to be our campsite for the night, and faster than ye can wield a cutlass, we moored our boats, pitched camp and made ready for chow and drink befitting the stout tars and gals of our trim little fleet.

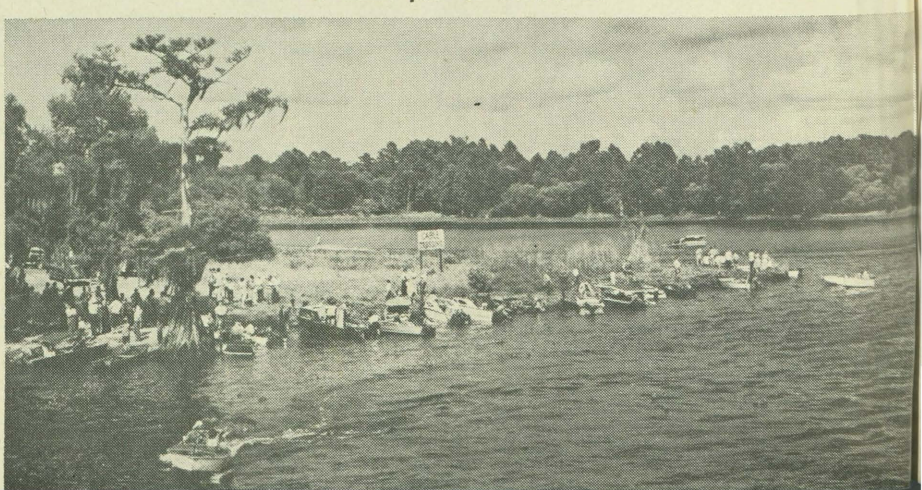
Our departure from Palatka was a wee bit more leisurely. Nearing familiar waters we was, and the feeling ran mighty high as a result of our latest successful venture, and, by the looks of the lads' faces, this wouldn't be the last Treasure Cruise we'd be making.

After cruising south most of the morning we decided on a last minute stop for supplies at that paradise called Silver Glen Springs. We could be of very easy mind now having only a short sail more to go and two and a half days of the finest treasure cruise behind us.

Last minute repairs were made, and after a peaceful heave to for supplies it was back on the river and a-heading for our home waters. At our own stronghold of Sanford on beautiful Lake Monroe we disbanded and each skipper, crew and craft headed for their individual home port.

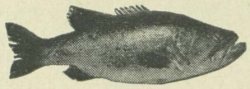
So y'see, pollywog, what I mean about the cruise of '54. You're changing your mind about us freebooters, eh? That gleam in yer eye tells me that when the next call goes out fer a Treasure Cruise you'll be there too. END.

the home port of SANFORD.



DON'T BE A FISHING WIDOW

By MARGO HOSFORD



If you're one of the thousands of the girls-they-leave-behind come fishing season, why not do something about it?

Maybe you don't mind playing second fiddle to a fish, but if you are tired of staying home alone until the mighty fisherman returns, or if you are bored with sitting around fishing resorts playing bridge or reading while the men are gone all day, it's your own fault if you don't remedy the situation.

Many a fishing weekend has been ruined for everyone because of just one female guest who doesn't want to fish, or if the deeper truth were known, doesn't know how to fish. The hostess is usually the victim. She has to sit home and entertain while the rest of the party is out there where the big ones are biting.

On the other hand there's the female guest who doesn't know her rod from her reel but who's "just dyin' to go fishin'." Now unless this gal is a light lure cross between Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell or the boys know they won't be biting, the masculine response leaves the hostess hooked again. Of course, this type never has her own tackle.

So you take her along and what happens? You spend the day showing her the ropes, getting her out of trouble and trying to get her out of your hair. How many fish do you catch? Don't be silly.

One day while waiting for the tide to turn, I asked my host how he would answer this kind of gal. Without hesitation he asked "Do you have your own tackle and do you know how to use it?" A most amazing answer from a man who is extremely fond of the gals.

If that sounds slightly hard-boiled, stop and think a minute. You wouldn't expect to go into a golf foursome with no knowledge of the game and no clubs or in a bridge game when you've never played before. At least you wouldn't try it twice!

Don't get the impression that fishing is a closed corporation. Far from it, most any fisherman is delighted to help you get started and teach you the tricks of the trade, but after a while you're supposed to catch on and learn to do things for yourself. Even the best natured fellow might be excused for losing patience when, just as he gets a nice strike, you ask him to bait your hook or change lures or any of the half dozen other things you've been shown how to do. This is no place to over do the femininity angle.

If you want to be welcomed on a fishing trip, start now and learn what it is all about. You'll find excellent articles on all types of fishing in outdoor magazines. Most of these magazines have a beginner's corner. Read and study them. Study the advertisements, too. Familiarize yourself with terms and with the different types of lures or bait. Learn the difference between a surface lure and a deep-running lure and the reasons for each. Learn that when a fisherman speaks of a spoon he isn't discussing the table silver. Learn the difference between spinning and a spinner.

Most important of all learn to cast. If you learn to cast properly you won't spend all your time taking out backlashes and you'll learn what they are, too. Even more to the point, you won't risk taking off a fishing partner's ear with a plug!

In many towns and cities throughout the country there are active casting clubs and these clubs always welcome new members. The purpose of the clubs is to make good fishermen or casters of beginners and to make good fishermen better ones. For everyone to have fun is, of course, another purpose.

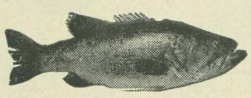
Tournament casting clubs have been in existence since 1861, but only in the past ten or fifteen years have they become so popular that clubs have been organized in all parts of the United States. A great many colleges have added casting to their sports programs in the recent past and it has been enthusiastically received by the student bodies.

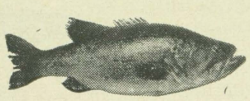
Suppose there is no such casting club in your vicinity. If your newspaper, Chamber of Commerce, or sporting goods stores can't tell you where there is one, start one of your own. You can learn on dry land as well as water, so inaccessibility of water shouldn't bother you. Some of the large tackle manufacturers have sections of their catalogues devoted to casting and the instructions are easy to follow. Write them and you'll get full cooperation. Another fisherman is another customer to them.

Most people can't go fishing as often as they like but anyone can enjoy target casting all through the year. So, get going and learn to cast properly and when that fishing trip does come along the "experts" will be glad to have you go along.

The important thing is this: do something about it now, and don't be a fishing widow the rest of your life.

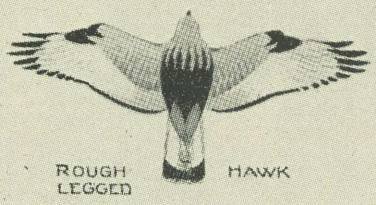
END.

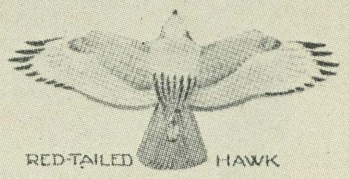


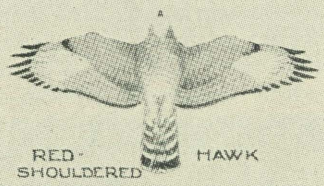


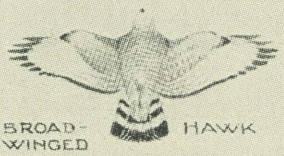
FRIEND OR FOE

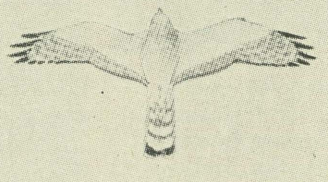
BROAD-WINGED or MOUSE HAWKS



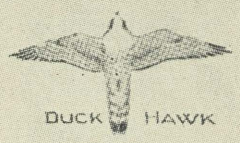




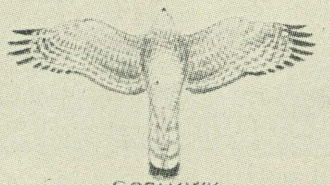




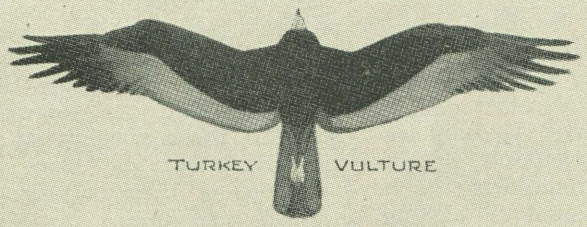
POINTED-WINGED FALCONS

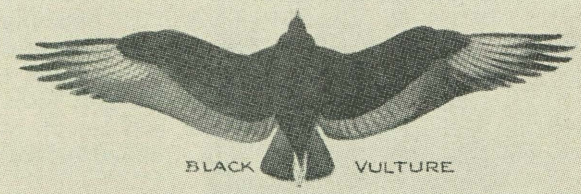


SHORT-WINGED or BIRD HAWKS

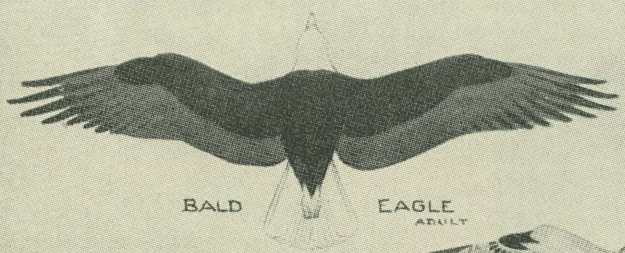


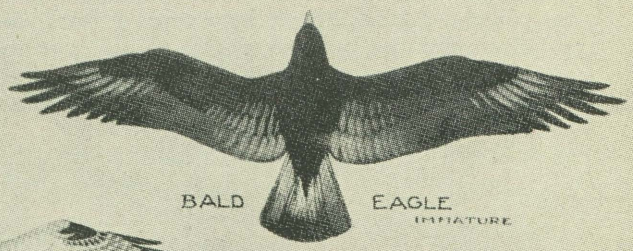
SMALL-HEADED or CARRION BIRDS

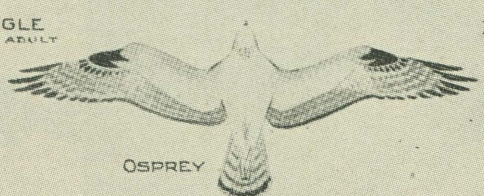




WHITE-HEADED or WATER-FREQUENTING BIRDS



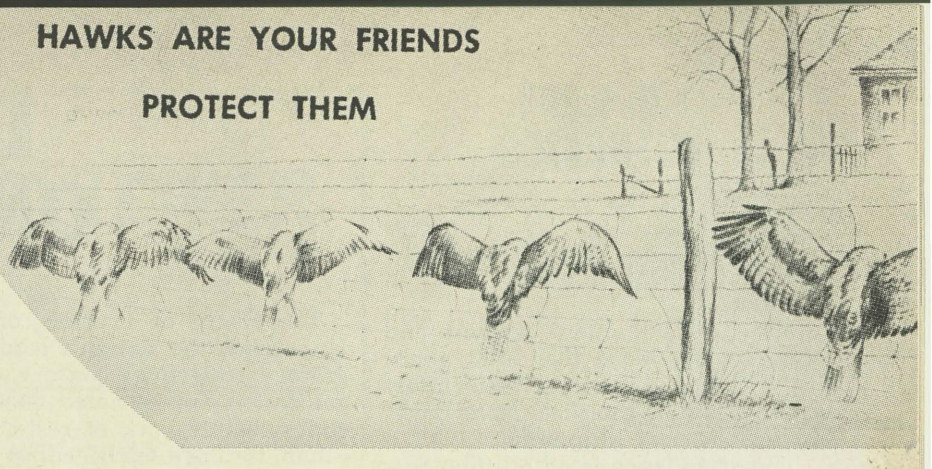




PETERSON

HAWKS ARE YOUR FRIENDS

PROTECT THEM



This view of dead hawks strung on a wire fence is seen too often. It means that some people kill hawks without realizing that most of them are now protected by law in all but a few states. Why hawks are protected will be understood better after you study the diagram below. It is based on studies by the U. S. Department of Agriculture of 5,185 hawk stomachs.

WHAT HAWKS EAT

'LIVING MOUSETRAPS'

The hawks most commonly shot, such as the redtails on the fence, are the ones that soar in wide circles in the sky and perch conspicuously in the open. These are the hawks that feed mostly on insects and rodents—that's why they are often called "living mousetraps."

A JOB FOR EVERY HAWK

The small creatures that hawks eat breed so rapidly that *there is an important job for every hawk to do.* If rats, mice, rabbits, squirrels, and gophers are not controlled by hawks, owls and other predators, they sometimes do extensive damage to agriculture. There can be no doubt that hawks have great value to the farmer and the land alike.

THE WILDLIFE COMMUNITY

The smaller long-tailed hawks that feed mostly on small birds are not seen very often because they do not soar in circles and usually perch under cover. The eating of small birds by hawks is nature's way of controlling their numbers so as to maintain a balanced and therefore healthy wildlife community.

KNOW YOUR HAWKS

Learn to identify the various hawks in your vicinity and observe their food habits. A Minnesota farmer reported to the National Audubon Society that, in one day, he watched a red-tailed hawk capture 32 mice that were turned up while he disked his field. He added that *all* hawks and owls are protected on his property, not just in view of their economic value but because he enjoys watching them.

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1,000,000 WITNESSES

More than 1,000,000 witnesses can't be wrong. They testify to the powerful appeal of public parks in Florida.

The 1,000,000 men, women and children did more than talk about it. They demonstrated their interest by visiting Florida's state parks during the past 12 months.

The attendance is an all-time record. So are the receipts of $97,047 for the past eight and a half months. State Park Director Emmet L. Hill predicts total receipts for the year will reach $145,000.

The remarkable thing about all this is that the records have been chalked up by a woefully underfinanced system of state parks.

For lack of enough money for improvements, the state parks are ill equipped to handle the growing throngs of people who want to use them. Only 10 of the 26 state park areas have been reasonably developed.

It isn't hard to guess how many more toursits and home-folks would turn out to enjoy Florida's state parks if all were in full operation.

END.

The African sausage tree at McKee Jungle Gardens, near Vero Beach, Fla., produces sausage-like seedpods that may weigh as much as 40 pounds each.

Diving on its prey, a duck hawk often travels 180 miles per hour.

DUCKS UNLIMITED

The Board of Trustees of Ducks Unlimited, the nation's leading migratory waterfowl conservation organization appropriated $450,000 to continue the work of restoring and rehabilitating duck breeding grounds in the Canadian prairie provinces in 1954. This appropriation was made at the 17th annual meeting of DU held in Little Rock, Arkansas recently.

The amount appropriated this year is the largest ever allocated by Ducks Unlimited, which has accomplished much in behalf of the United States sportsmen who contribute to its support to preserve and encourage the sport of wildfowling.

With this appropriation of $450,000, the total amount sent to Canada soared to almost $4,000,000, which duckhunter-sportsmen have contributed to Ducks Unlimited since 1938 for the work of building and restoring more than 400 "duck factories" on the breeding grounds in Canada, where more than 65 per cent of this continent's migratory waterfowl raise their young.

Re-elected president of the organization for his second term was Robert M. Gaylord, President of the Ingersoll Milling Machine Company, of Rockford, Ill. Other officers re-elected were C. A. Gross, Green Bay, Wisconsin, Chairman of the Board; Vice Presidents Will J. Reid, Long Beach, California, Pacific Region; George T. Hansen, Salt Lake City, Utah, West Central Region; Roland M. Hoerr, St. Louis, Missouri, Mississippi Region; Philip C. Barney, Hartford, Connecticut, North Atlantic Region; Edward E. Chandlee, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Middle Atlantic Region; A. C. Glassell, Shreveport, Louisiana, Gulf Region; and Norman H. Ott, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Great Lakes Region. George W. Mason of Detroit, Michigan was re-elected Treasurer and Robert Winthrop, of New York, was returned as Secretary. Also re-elected were Asst. Treasurers Clarence E. Stouch and E. Herrick Low, of New York; and Robert I. Lowell, also of New York, was re-elected Asst. Secretary.

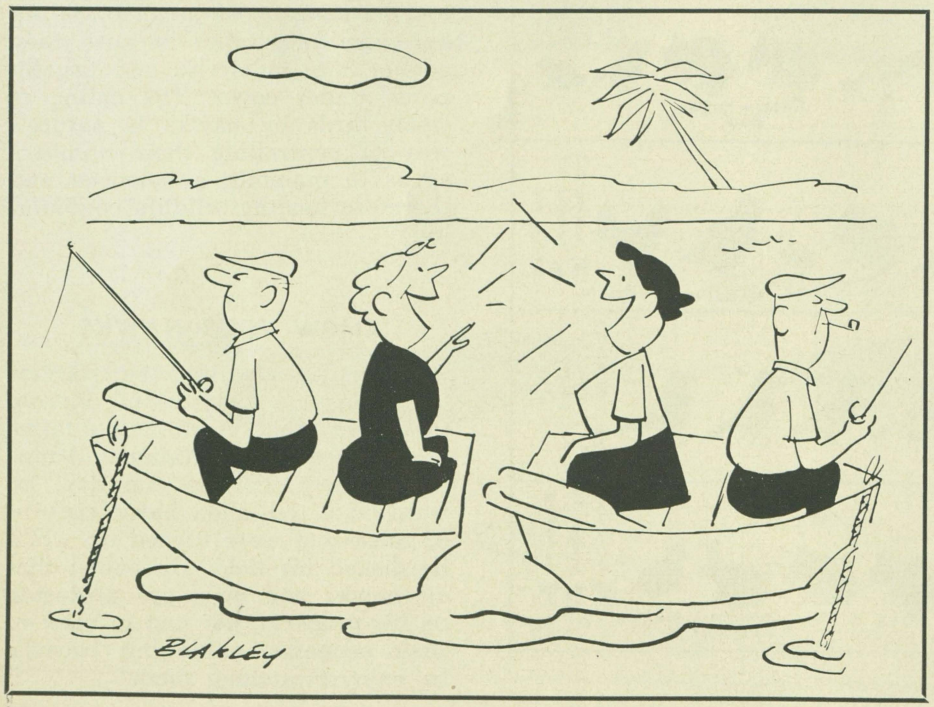
Twelve Trustees whose terms of office expired this year were re-elected and H. Bliss Rucker, of San Francisco, California and Fred Maytag, of Newton, Iowa were new trustees elected to the board.

Making his report to the Board of Trustees, Gaylord stated that water areas of present Ducks Unlimited projects cover a total of more than 600,000 acres, and that more than 3200 miles of shoreline surround their "duck factories" in Alberta, Manitoba, and Saskatchewan.

Gaylord paid a special tribute to the Provincial and Government agencies of Canada as well as its farmer-conservationists for the whole-hearted support given to Ducks Unlimited's efforts in the Dominion. He also extended his thanks to the state chairmen attending the annual meeting, and through them, the sportsmen of their states, for making the large grant possible this year.

Increased membership, which now totals slightly less than 30,000, and increased subscriptions by members of the Ducks Unlimited organization enabled its governing body to raise its 1954 appropriation $80,000 more than last year.

Looking ahead to the forthcoming season's work in Canada, DU anticipates the completion of thirty more projects, in addition to maintaining and operating its present 367 active production areas. The new building program is expected to require eight months to complete and will add more than 100,000 acres to their aggregate operating areas. END.



OUTDOOR REVIEWER

by jack shoemaker

HOW TO TIE FLIES, By E. C. Gregg, Published by A. S. Barnes & Company, New York, N. Y. Price $1.75.

Since fly-rod fishing is definitely on the increase here in Florida, I feel that this book might be of much interest to many sportsmen. I know that I have seen many more fly-rodders the last year than I've seen in the previous five years. Many of these anglers were tourists, but I also feel that many of our own residents are taking up this phase of fishing with interest.

Here is a book that tells you how to tie your own, and standard dressings of 334 flies are listed for your information. You'll learn the technique of making bucktail streamers, wet and dry flies, nymphs and floating bugs. Actual photographs and drawings make the method of construction seem easy and you'll be given directions for becoming an expert fly tier.

The selling power of the author's remarks and his accurate and expert instructions can be seen by the fact that the book is now in its 18th printing . . . a great selling point for a good book.

* * * *

FISHERMAN'S HANDBOOK, published by the Fisherman Magazine, Fisherman Press, Inc., Oxford, Ohio. Price $1.00.

Most anglers would rather just plain go fishing instead of reading about it and I'm sure that most of us feel that way; However, sometimes we hit upon a book that makes the reading phase of fishing seem almost as interesting as the actual sport itself. This seems to be pretty true about the Fisherman's Handbook.

This almost 400-page book is filled with just about anything you'd like to know about the Izaak Walton sport from fish and fish biology to the use of natural baits, giving also a bit of mighty good information on where to fish, the proper fishing methods, the tackle boats and motors to use and a chapter entitled, "Tackle Box Miscellany."

The latter chapter takes you into the realm of outdoor books relating to the sport, world records for both fresh and salt water fish, fish cookery, the Dingell-Johnson Federal Aid Bill and various management programs being carried on by various states, and other fundamentals necessary to be considered an expert in angling.

The book isn't exactly a book, it's more a catalog, but we feel that you can't go wrong spending a buck for a book you'll be able to use a long time.

* * * *

AUDUBON BIRD GUIDE, by Richard H. Pough, Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y., Price $3.50.

This is without doubt one of the most complete and fully illustrated guide to land birds of eastern North America ever published. For here is a manual that will enable anyone who enjoys observing birds, no matter what the stage of his knowledge, to identify very easily and truthfully the more than 250 species that inhabit this section of the country.

Many of these same birds may be found in Florida.

Some 48 full-page color plates illustrating more than 400 different bird plumages are in the book. In addition, there is a full discussion of each of the species, describing the significant points of voice, range, nesting and food habits, methods by which these birds may be attracted and other unique bits of info that all bird lovers will cherish.

It's a natural for naturalists and is one of the few books sponsored by the National Audubon Society, with some very interesting data to be found in the foreword of the pocketsize book. The beautiful color illustrations are done by Don Eckleberry, a young outstanding artist, while Pough, a distinguished ornithologist, edited the work.

* * * *

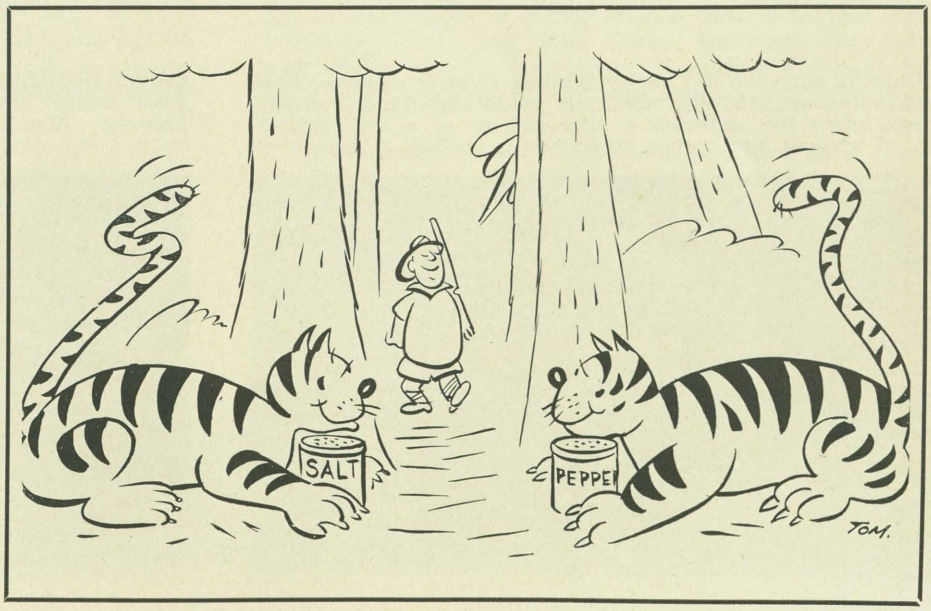
ALGONQUIN, The Story of A Great Dog, by Dion Henderson, Published by Henry Holt and Company, New York, N. Y., Price $2.50.

Well do I remember the stories I used to read when I was a youngster, and probably those that have stayed with me the longest were those of the animal world, particularly of dogs. This is definitely a classic for everyone to read and enjoy. I think that everyone relishes a compassionate and sincere story about a heart-warming character, especially if that scene stealer is a dog.

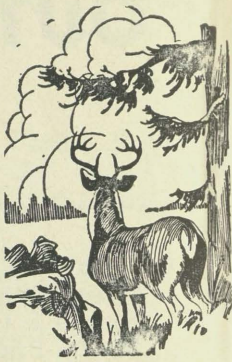
Being the owner of a new pup I can say that there are times when I feel like getting rid of the mutt and then again I feel that he's the smartest and most beautiful dog in the world. Such is the leading actor in this book. A dog who lived as heroically as he died and the story of three persons, a boy and two men, who loved and thought of Algonquin as THEIR DOG.

You'll enjoy reading the descriptions of autumn fields, the details of a pointer's apprenticeship and the story of three persons who show themselves, their real selves, through

(Continued on Page 40)

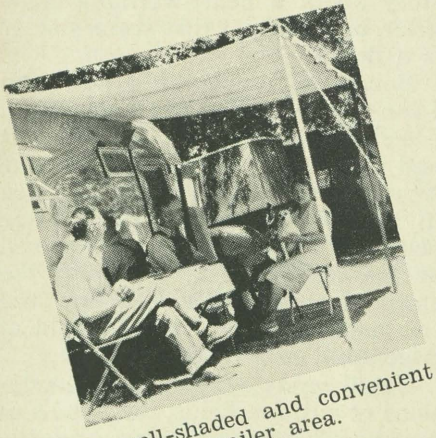


HIGHLANDS HAMMOCK STATE PARK

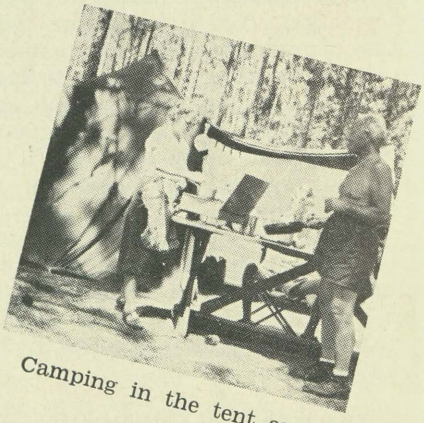


Here is another of the natural beauty spots of the state and one of the three outstanding natural parks in the United States. Wildlife is abundant in the 3800 acres of the park. We saw deer browsing in the wild orange groves, and we took a picture of a wild turkey hen at a distance of ten feet, something we did not think possible. Giant cypresses over 800 years old tower above the jungle, their lofty limbs high above the hammock huddled at their feet. These trees were 400 years old when Columbus discovered America.

The park is located six miles from Sebring, Fla., just off the Orange Blossom Trail, U. S. 27. It is open the year round. Nowhere can the photographer, the painter or wildlife student find more interesting subjects. Miles of nature trails, the catwalk through Charley Bowleg's Swamp, the wild orange groves and jungle plots all offer a choice of subjects. If a week end sight-seeing trip sounds attractive, visit this park. Plenty of accommodations in nearby Sebring. The park offers really outstanding tenting, trailer and camping areas, complete with all modern facilities. THE END.

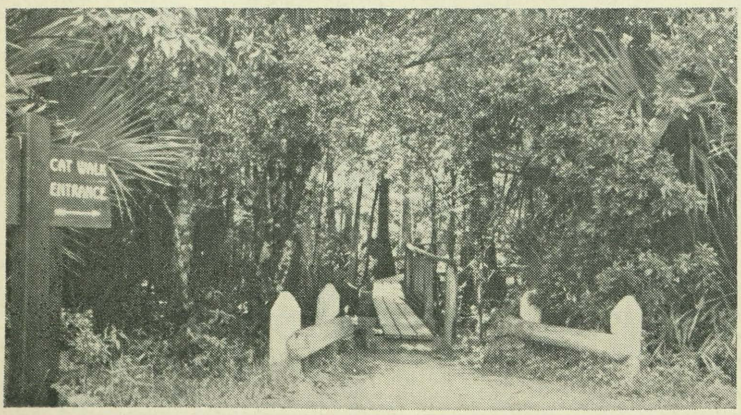


A well-shaded and convenient trailer area.

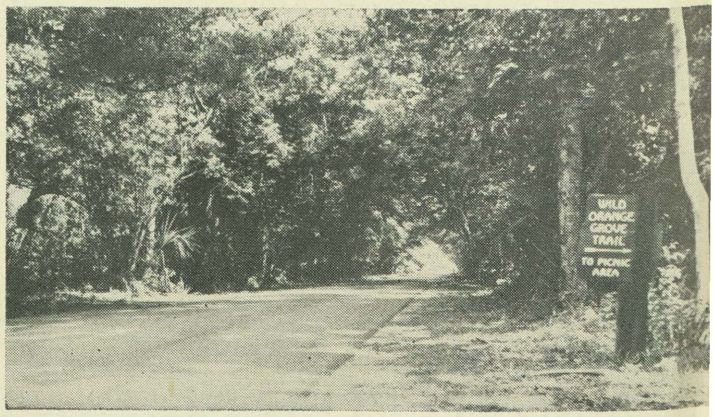


Camping in the tent area.

Catwalk entrance to Charley Bowlegs Cypress Swamp. This catwalk, complete with handrails, winds through the swamp and gives the sightseer a true picture of a real swamp without the bother of wading or poling a boat.



One of the many park roads . . . nature paths and picnic areas lie off these roads, all well marked and carefully planned. Watch for wild deer and turkey crossing the roadway.



THE FLYING SQUIRREL

By ROSS ALLEN and WILFRED T. NEILL
Ross Allen's Reptile Institute, Silver Springs, Florida

FLORIDA'S WOODS and swamps harbor many interesting creatures which the average person never has a chance to see. Among them is the flying squirrel, shown in the photographs above.

A flying squirrel is easily recognized. It is a small or medium-sized rodent, a good bit smaller than the more familiar gray squirrel. Its eyes are very large, black, and lustrous; its fur is soft and silky. There is a broad fold of skin down each side of the body from wrist to ankle. A little rod of cartilage, arising from the wrist, serves to support this fold. The tail is broad, flat, and well-furred. The color is grayish above, becoming darker on the sides; the underparts are generally pure white.

Flying squirrels inhabit most of the forested regions of North America. Being thoroughly arboreal, they are absent from plains, deserts, and sparsely wooded country. Two species are known. One ranges from New York, Michigan, and North Dakota northward into Labrador and Alaska, occurring also in several states of the Far West. The other (with which we are concerned here) is found from New Hampshire, Michigan, and North Dakota southward through Florida and eastern Texas, occurring also in Mexico and Guatemala. This latter kind is sometimes called the "eastern flying squirrel," to distinguish it from the other, more westerly species. In Florida the flying squirrel inhabits every county, as well as many offshore islands.

In spite of its wide distribution, the flying squirrel is seldom seen. It is strictly nocturnal, spending the day in the hollow of a tree or in a nest of leaves, and venturing forth only after dark. Its large eyes are well adapted for night vision. It seldom descends to the ground, and never runs any distance over the surface.

The flying squirrel cannot actually fly, as a bird does; but it can glide from one tree to another. The little rodent will launch itself from a treetop, extending all four limbs stiffly from the body. The fold of skin along each side is stretched to its fullest extent; and this membrane, together with the flattened tail, en-

(Continued on Page 41)

KNOW YOUR WILDLIFE

FISHING

By CHUCK SCHILLING

MY EVERYDAY job has, for the past ten weeks, taken me to just about every nook and cranny in Florida. I have been traveling the state, demonstrating spinning tackle to sportsmen and dealers, north, south, east and west, fresh water and salt. In every case, the interest in this form of angling has been enormous. In even the smallest crossroad town, a crowd of interested fishermen will soon gather if a spinning outfit appears.

In most cases, the sportsman's interest is matched by his complete misunderstanding of spincasting in general. In anything less than a book length treatment, a discussion of spincasting will, necessarily, be inadequate; but I will here attempt to throw a little light on some of the *basic* misunderstandings.

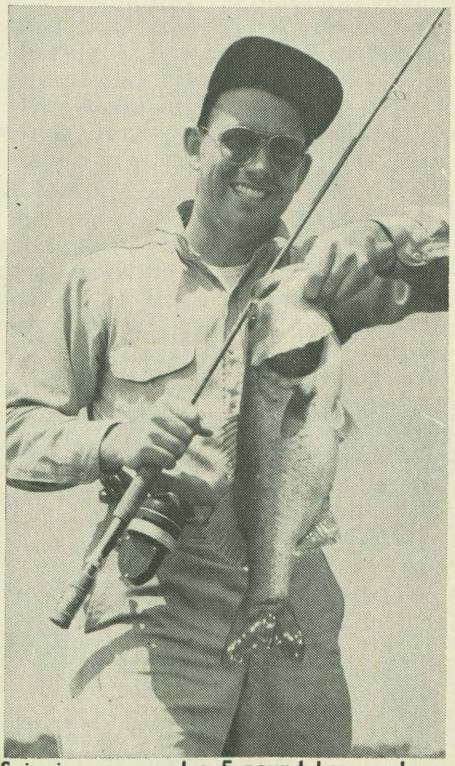
Keep It Light:

Fundamentally, spincasting is an affair of light lines. In Florida, the experienced spincaster uses 8 lb. test monofilament as tops in salt water and 4 lb. test as a minimum in fresh. Many experienced spinners have gone to 6 lb. test mono as a single weight for all their spinning adventures. I, too, stick to 6 lb. test for all uses.

For the sake of simplicity, I am purposely avoiding the subject of heavy spinning gear as used with 12 and 15 lb. mono for surf and deep-sea bottom fishing. That is another subject for another day. As a matter of record, Howard Clark of Miami, boated an 81 lb. tarpon, using 6 lb. mono on standard spinning gear. Fish in this class are regularly taken on 6 lb. line. So—if you must use 15 to 20 lb. line, stick to plug casting gear. Spinning offers little advantage if heavy lines are used. Remember — spinning is gaining popularity because the spincaster catches *more* fish. He does so because he uses *Light* mono lines the fish can't *see*.

The Left-Hand Crank:

Here is where you really get into trouble with the old-time bait caster, who is beginning to eye spinning tackle. Because he has for years used casting reels designed for *left*-hand casters, the average *right*-hand fisherman thinks he wants his spinning crank on the right side of the reel. This would force him to: cast, change the rod from right hand to left and then pick up the crank with the right hand. This is all wrong. Most spincasters start out with an aversion to the left-hand crank, but they invariably change their minds after the first day or two of fishing. For the right-handed fisherman, the left-hand crank is perfect; much more simple and convenient to operate. Spinning reels were developed in Europe about a hundred years ago. Europe has the same proportion of right- and left-hand people as do we. In all these years, the crank on spinning reels has remained, by popular choice, on the left-hand side, where it belongs for the right-hand caster.



Spinning gear and a 5-pound bass make a winning and satisfying combination.

If you use your left flipper to do your casting, you are faced with the problem of buying a reel with a *right*-hand crank or learning to cast with the right hand. Some reels are now available for the left-handed fisherman, and more companies are coming to recognize his need.

Line Twist:

No spinning reel will cause line twist problems. A true spinning reel of either the foreign open face type or the American enclosed spool type will put a twist in the line with each cast and will remove this twist entirely on each retrieve. This put and take of line twist goes on endlessly.

There are two reasons for line twist headaches. The first is lures that revolve. It is a mistaken belief that a swivel or a series of them will prevent line twist when using a revolving bait. 'Tain't so! The twist will always appear in the link of least resistance, which, in this case, is the long, lightweight mono line. If you must use revolving lures, then use a keel somewhere in your terminal hookup. There is no substitute. I suggest avoiding all lures that revolve.

The second and most common cause of line twist headaches is the type of gadget that passes itself off as a spinning reel but is, actually, a cross between a casting and a spinning type, with no family resemblance to either. Unfortunately, these gadgets have put a bad taste in the mouths of a great many fishermen who, having been stung once, hesitate to bare the bottom for another shot. All I can offer to these is my heartfelt sympathy and this good advice.

In General:

The foreign type, or open face spinning reel, has an exposed pickup arm, or bail wire, and its position is below the hand on the rod handle.

(Continued on Page 38)

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

FEDERATION NOTES

Don Southwell, Editor
P. O. Box 854, Ormond Beach

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Vice President.....Charles Schilling, Jensen Beach
Recording Secretary.....Fred W. Gill, Zephyrhills
Treasurer.....Don Southwell, Ormond Beach

Exploration Protested

The Bass Capital Sportsmen's Association recently called a meeting at Welaka, with commercial fishermen and citizens of Putman County, to discuss the proposed intention of exploring the bottom of Lake George for minerals. The Bass Capital, always alert in matters concerning conservation, was against such dangerous industrialization and pollution of our fishing waters, and an application for a permit for mineral exploration in Lake George or anywhere on the St. Johns River was protested.

Heading the Bass Capital this year is Hester Starling of Georgetown. Fred Green of Palatka is secretary-treasurer. C. A. (Bud) Travis is the director to the Federation.

Brevard Club Over 30 Years of Conservation

M. F. Wooten, for more than 31 years Brevard County's leading conservationist, sends word that the Brevard County Sportsmen's Association wishes to extend to the Sportsmen and to the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, their appreciation and thanks for all of our Conservation efforts and accomplishments.

When the Brevard Association was originally formed in March 1923 at Cocoa, the 29 members present formed a county-wide organization for the protection and propagation of game and fresh water fish. Today 14 of those charter members still hunt and fish. At that time 25 cents of their dues was paid to the "State

(Continued on Page 38)

Miami Beach Club Prints "The Tackler"

The Rod and Reel Club of Miami Beach each week issues an attractive publication called "The Tackler," which is sent out to all members. In it is listed the program for the current weekly meeting, the menu, the speaker, picture or show, plus all the angling news, new records listed, and current standings in the angling contest. The clubs' angling contest is very extensive, covering all salt water fish and black bass, in fly, spinning, and plugging divisions plus seven other classes ranging from 9 lb. to 130 lb. line class. The competitive spirit in angling is maintained by a badge system. New members wear white badges, but by associating and fishing with experts, can soon earn a green badge. The next step is an "expert" rating and a red badge. A committee of expert anglers in all types of fishing willing to assist the novice are: Tom McBroom, fly-fishing; Ed Corlett, spinning; Larry Hull, plugging; and Johnny Cuevas, general fishing.

Representing the Rod and Reel Club team in the International White Marlin Tournament recently held at Havana were Jack Mahony, Charlie Dunn, and Lee Cuddy.

The club is currently headed by President T. H. O'Connor. Serving with O'Connor are R. L. Mathewson, first vice-president; B. E. Hendricks,

(Continued on Page 40)

Exploiting Opposed by Sportsmen

The sportsmen believe that the wildlife resources of this State should not be exploited for the tourist or any other industry. The directors of the Florida Wildlife Federation recently voted unanimously to oppose the proposed impoundment of native wildlife at five points of entry into Florida, and the use of wildlife officers at each of these locations when funds available from the sale of hunting and fishing licenses are already insufficient to supply adequate controls of fish and game in Florida.

Know Your Federation

The Florida Wildlife Federation is a non-profit corporation, chartered by the State of Florida with well-defined objective. Any club in Florida interested in the conservation of our natural resources is eligible for membership, with annual dues at 50 cents per member. The Federation also has associate members for any person or firm who wants to help but does not want to work through a club. Associate membership certificates are sold for $25.00, and booster membership cards for $10.00.

JOIN NOW! Florida Wildlife Federation AND TAKE AN ACTIVE PART

DON SOUTHWELL, Treasurer
P. O. Box 854, Ormond Beach, Florida

I wish to actively support the counstructive activities of the Florida Wildlife Federation and its affiliated clubs in guarding, preserving, restoring and developing the natural resources of our state. Enclosed is $2.00 for my membership.

Name _____
(Please Print)

Address _____
(Please Print)

BREVARD CLUB

(Continued from Page 37)

Game and Fresh Water Protective Association."

In August of 1950, the group reorganized and was named the Brevard County Sportsmen's Association.

All members are ardent sportsmen, recognizing the important and necessary work that must be carried on if there is to be game and fish to enjoy and to provide these same pleasures for the following generations.

The Club is now under the leadership of President C. J. Joiner. Assisting him are R. C. Brady and W. J. Creel, first and second vice-presidents, and M. F. Wooten, secretary-treasurer. Mr. Wooten, who is also a director to the Florida Wildlife Federation, is to be commended for his outstanding job in conservation over the many years. END.

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SCHILLING FISHING

(Continued from Page 36)

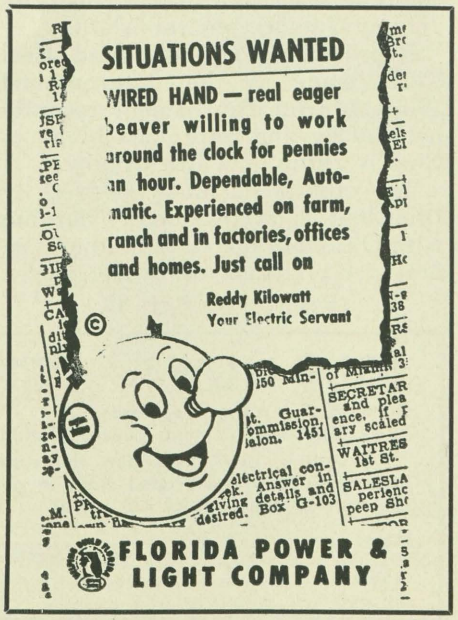
This type reel is very popular, particularly with the salt water fishermen who want a heavy-duty reel with a large line carrying capacity. It was these imported reels that first popularized spinning in America, and they deserve a world of credit for that reason alone.

The enclosed spool spinning reel has its pickup arm inside the line control hood and has automatic controls. This reel is placed on the rod behind the hand, for better balance. Both types have excellent features, and it becomes a matter of personal preference by the angler as to which type best suits his needs. I suggest you investigate both types before coming to any decision.

Spincasting is not new. It has been in general use in Europe for a long time and many years before the first casting reel was thought of in this country. It offers easy, trouble free casting, *but* it will *not* outcast a good man with a light, free running, plug casting outfit. Spinning is less work than fly fishing and much simpler than plug casting. It is easy to learn, requires little effort and catches lots of fish.

Spinning is not attempting to replace plug casting or fly fishing. It is content to take its place alongside these favorites as a fullfledged member of the angling brotherhood. To many of us, spinning is new, misunderstood and misused. It asks only a little patience and understanding. END.

The most common palm in Florida is the dwarf or saw palmetto found on flatwoods and sandy soils throughout the state.



FLY ROD FOR BASS?

(Continued from Page 13)

pad and bounced into the water. Almost simultaneously the pad sank and the water seemed to explode in a geyser of white spray, and as though I had crashed through a stone wall, my retrieving action changed direction.

My experience with rainbow trout told me that I had better do something to insure my keeping that prize, so I set the hook. Of course, "Battling Blacky" would have none of it and immediately took off for the boondocks and his refuge in the weeds. I was just as stubborn as he was and so was Frank, who was chuckling to himself as he backpaddled to the open water. My cheap rod, bent into an unrecognizable contortion, was worrying that bass to death.

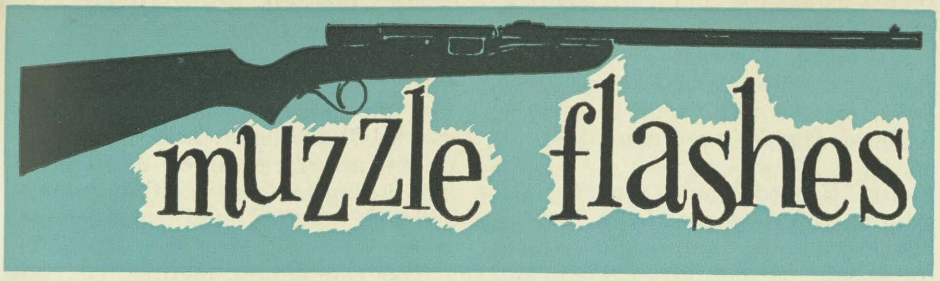
First to the left, then to the right he would slash. Then straight ahead he would streak causing me to frantically give him his head and some line. Then with determined vigor he would try to lose himself beneath the boat. All the time, the novice that I was to this type of fishing, I was instructing Frank to keep us away from the weeds. Finally, out of the water he came and he literally stood on his tail and cursed me as he tried to shake that hook. Three times he crashed through the surface of the lake, each time causing me to shudder for fear of losing him.

Ten minutes later with a right arm that felt as though it had endured two hours of calisthenics, I slipped a net under this magnificent fighter and brought him into the boat.

This first experience, unequaled in my book, ushered in a day of fishing that I will chalk up as one of my special memories. My take for my first hour was three big ones. All over four pounds. Frank came through with two during his next trek. By the end of the day, we had tallied 12 of the finest bass that I had ever had the pleasure of catching.

I capitulated, but Frank's contention that I hadn't fished until I had caught a six pound bass on a fly rod was still wrong. I *had* fished because I figured that five pounds was close enough for I am sure that a six-pounder could not have given me more of a thrill.

What happened to that day devoted to plug casting? We stuck to the bargain but after about three hours of fruitless casting, *I* suggested that we give it up in favor of a fly rod, at least while fishing for Florida's black fury. END.



By EDMUND McLAURIN

A PROPERLY mounted and adjusted telescopic sight represents the acme in sighting equipment for a sporting firearm and court of last appeal for the marksman plagued with failing eyesight.

Scope sights are not of Twentieth Century creation; crude models were used on Civil War rifles, with good effect. Both telescopic sights and their mounts received greatest development between World Wars I and II, however. Improvements have made today's telescopic sight a precision sighting instrument.

Whatever metallic sights will do for an accurate sporting firearm, a quality telescopic sight will do better and easier. Expert marksmen who have made comparative tests of the potentialities of metallic sights and of scopes, using the triangulation method of measuring the extreme horizontal and vertical spread of several shots carefully fired at the same 100 yard target, are satisfied on that point. The arguments advanced against the superiority of scope sights usually come from shooters who have made costly mistakes in the selection, mounting and adjustment of a scope sight, or who are so blessed with visual acuity that they can shoot as well with metallic sights as the average shooter with a scope.

Admittedly, scope sights have certain disadvantages, but their good points outnumber their faults. It is only fair, and to your shooting interest, to consider both.

A good telescopic sight will generally outshoot the best combination of iron sights because the scope sight gives better definition of target and sight picture, with resultant greater accuracy of applied aim. F. C. Ness, a nationally recognized firearms research technician, in attendance at one of the Florida rifle tournaments, summed up and clarified this point when he said, "A telescopic sight augments our natural vision and improves the effectiveness of our aim. We see the details of our target more distinctly, are able to select our aiming point with greater discrimination and to aim more accurately. The telescopic sight does nothing magical, as it merely improves upon conditions already present. It cannot introduce any single extraneous condition, such as illumination, for example. The light must be there already. The scope merely utilizes existing light and other sighting factors to maximum advantage."

In hunting, especially during the periods of early morning and late afternoon when Florida game move and feed and when light conditions are rapidly changing, the scope sight's better definition of target and sight picture is a great advantage. You can place your shots more accurately. At the same time, hunting safety is promoted and possible game law violation reduced, for, with a scope sight, you see your target beyond shadow of identity doubt, and legal game is similarly recognized.

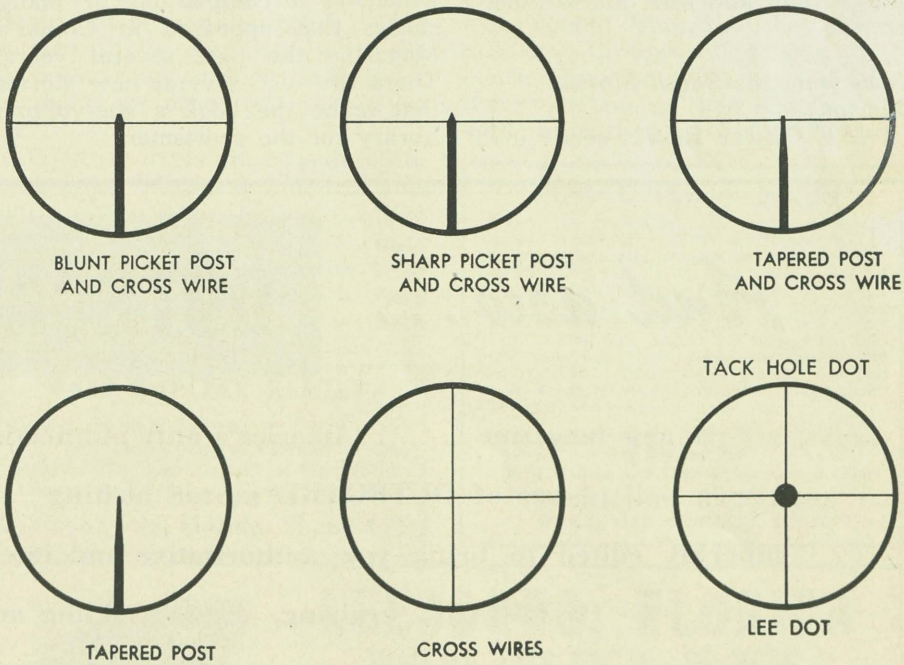
Another advantage of a scope sight is that you have but one sight to aim and align on your target—the reticule. This means that your sighting procedure is made easier and simpler the moment you place firearm to shoulder. In the same vein, Colonel Townsend Whelen, another authority on telescopic sights, with whom this planned article was discussed, urges that the shooter realize that he does not look **through** a scope but looks **into** big eyepiece or eye lens and sees his target or game, the aiming reticule and all surroundings accurately focused, distinct, well lighted and greatly magnified.

As stated, a scope sight is a court of salvation for shooters with defective vision that is not fully corrected by the wearing of spectacles. Within the focusing latitude of the better scope sights, an adjustment for perfect vision can frequently be found. Shooters who wear bi-focals should use them for distance prescription of their eyeglasses when using a scope.

Such are a few of the advantages of a good telescopic sight, properly mounted, accurately focused and sensibly used.

Disadvantages are several, none of which can be dismissed lightly. First, a scope sight and its mount together add considerable weight to a firearm, especially if the scope sight is one of the long-tube target models with precision, micrometer click mounts. Next, a scope sight cannot always be mounted on a firearm in the normal, low position of metallic sights, with the result that the shooter's face is pulled away from the gunstock's comb. To get fast, accurate aim, the aiming eye must line up quickly with the firearm's sights, and this combination of speed and accuracy is dependent upon consistent correct positioning

(Continued on Page 42)



JUNIOR CONSERVATIONIST

(Continued from Page 7)

an older club—perhaps a little better.

☆ ☆ ☆

St. Petersburg Jr. Rod and Gun Club

It's been a long time since we have heard from the members in St. Petersburg, although we understand they have been doing a very nice job over there. Welcome into the fold of good comradeship members of St. Petersburg. We hope to hear from you regularly.

Report has it from their secretary, *Zoe Marie Dvorak*, that in a recent meeting on April 16, 28, members attended with their president, Tommy Harris, presiding. The treasurer's report was given and $98.84 was recorded on hand. Mr. Howard Weenick talked on skish and Mr. Ed. Jackson donated a half gallon of maple syrup to be sold by chances. Both these men are members of the Sr. membership and are doing a wonderful job along with the many others. Mr. Clyde R. Revels, Information & Education Officer from the South Florida Division, gave a talk on the Jr. Conservation Camp for this coming summer. Refreshments and movies were shown after the meeting.

Nice work Zoe Marie Dvorak.

And hats off to Wildlife Officer Dick Bryant and Mrs. Marie Puckett.

☆ ☆ ☆

News from the South Florida Division

I & E Officer Revels sends in a report listing these officers from various clubs:

Hillsboro County Jr. Wildlife Assn.: President, Charles Scruggs, Jr.; George Dill, vice president; Richard Rhodes, secretary-treasurer.

And Richard Rhodes reports: An informal meeting was held April 7. Mr. Revels was on hand to explain the JCCL. A motion was made and carried to meet on the first and third Wednesday of each month. Other business was discussed. Mr. Brewer extended an invitation to use the range any time the club needed it.

Thanks a lot secretary Richard Rhodes. Let's hear more about your club. END.

OUTDOOR REVIEWER

(Continued from Page 33)

their association with a great hunting companion. Hunters who own dogs will not lay down the book once they have started reading the pages.

* * * *

THE COLLIER'S BOOK OF HUNTING AND FISHING, By Raymond R. Camp, Published by A. S. Barnes & Company, New York, N. Y. Price $3.95.

The top thrills of hunting and fishing can be found in this book, which is a compilation of many stories that appeared in Collier's Magazine the past several years. There are also several new stories that make the book a one-volume library for the sportsman.

The foremost thrill-providers of the fishing and hunting clan are described very vividly, particularly with reference to their ability to outwit the experts of the outdoor sports. Of particular interest to Floridians are stories about quail hunting, fishing for bass, sailfish, marlin, bonefish, tarpon and surf-fishing, which have Florida for a locality.

You can almost picture yourself along with the author while he's engaged in the various sports of setting the hook on a flashy marlin of the deep or bagging the flying bobwhite of the palmettos. END.

MIAMI BEACH CLUB

(Continued from Page 37)

second vice-president; C. S. Roberts, treasurer; and M. A. Dewey, executive secretary. Seven members make up the board of governors, and with 25 standing committees, the Rod and Reel Club of Miami Beach is an imposing organization.

Dr. R. M. Sheetz, chairman of the Conservation Committee, is also the director to the Federation. Dr. Sheetz has been an able leader in conservation for many years, and in 1937 was the Federations' first president. END.

The Cherokee bean plant is a Florida variety of the Indian coral tree.

Mango, often called the "most delicious fruit in the world," is closely related to poison ivy.

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THE FLYING SQUIRREL

(Continued from Page 35)

ables the creature to glide for a surprising long distance. At the end of a long, descending glide, the squirrel turns upward and lands gently on the trunk of another tree.

To some extent the animal can control its glide; it can bank and turn at right angles to its original course, and can change elevation by manipulating the gliding membrane and the flattened tail.

There is some question as to the maximum distance this rodent can sail. Glides of forty to fifty feet are not unusual, and much longer flights are conceivable. Glides of 150 feet have been claimed for the western species.

The flying squirrel eats acorns, hickory nuts, pecans, pine seeds, persimmons, tender leaves and leaf buds, bark, and various berries, as well as moths, beetles, and other small creatures. A favorite food in Florida is the acorn of the liveoak. By night, when flying squirrels are feeding, cut bits of acorn shell may fall like rain from the liveoaks; and at such times one can hear the high-pitched twittering and squeaking of the little rodents. These calls, and the rain of nut shells, often are the only indications of the squirrels' presence.

Although essentially vegetarian, the flying squirrel also has a fondness for meat, and probably raids a bird's nest now and then. In the north it is sometimes attracted to the bait of a steel trap, and so it is regarded as a nuisance by many fur trappers.

By day, flying squirrels may inhabit an old woodpecker hole, or a natural cavity in a tree trunk or branch. Sometimes they make their abode in an attic, an outbuilding, or a birdhouse. In some parts of the country they dwell in rock crevices. Occasionally, two or three of these rodents will take up residence in the abandoned nest of a gray squirrel, or even in an old bird's nest. They also build outside nests of their own, constructing them of leaves, twigs, and moss, and lining them with grass or soft fiber.

If routed out during daylight hours, the flying squirrel seems to be dazed and almost blinded by the bright sun.

Usually several flying squirrels are found together in a nest. It is not known whether these groups represent families or just neighbors. Two litters are produced a year, the number of young in each ranging from two to six. At birth the young are blind and hairless. They do not leave the nest until they are well over a month old.

Owls sometimes prey upon these little squirrels, but a more important enemy seems to be the common house cat. Just about any cat is apt to bring home a flying squirrel, usually leaving the dead animal on the doorstep. Even city-dwelling cats catch flying squirrels, for these rodents often are common in urban and suburban areas, as well as in woods.

Flying squirrels do not hibernate, but remain active in winter. As a matter of fact, in Florida they are more often noted in winter than at any other season. Farther north, they lay up stores of nuts, seeds, and berries to tide them over the colder months.

In captivity a flying squirrel makes an interesting pet. It becomes very tame, and submits to handling. It will learn to explore one's clothing for hidden peanuts, and will even curl up and nap in a coat pocket. However, it is rather delicate and should not be handled much. It is inclined to be active only in the dark, and may not do well if its slumbers are often interrupted by day.

Flying squirrels are considered to be harmless from an economic standpoint. Very rarely if ever do they damage farm crops, and the few nuts they filch scarcely affect the total supply. Ordinarily, their gentle ways and interesting habits make them desirable neighbors. END.

OLD IRON-TAIL

(Continued from Page 11)

pression of hypocrisy when a croc was observed "crying" while devouring a man.

Recently a sailor on a Pacific ocean liner was startled to observe a big saurian swimming in the South China Sea, hundreds of miles from land. This is not uncommon practice for the salt water crocodile of the Philippines and Fiji Islands.

A tourist in Egypt last year was impressed by the strange relationship existing between a tiny plover and one of the big Nile crocs. These "crocodile birds" wait until the reptiles obligingly open their jaws, then calmly pick the leeches that grow between the teeth. When danger threatens the friendly bird warns its companion by taking flight. An instant later the saurian slips into the water and submerges.

As a lad I remember my mother returning to New York from Florida with a baby alligator for me. Our prize, however, refused to eat; gradually changed color as it slowly dehydrated in the process of dying. Frantically we provided dishes of fresh water, food. The temperature in the cage was adjusted to match exactly that of its home state. Like so many Yankees before us, however, we did not know such creatures cannot drink; that they absorb moisture through their skins and hence provision must be made for them to submerge their bodies while kept in captivity. END.

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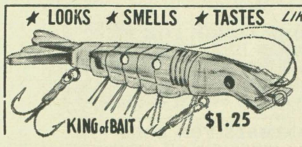

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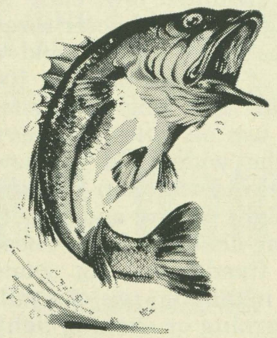

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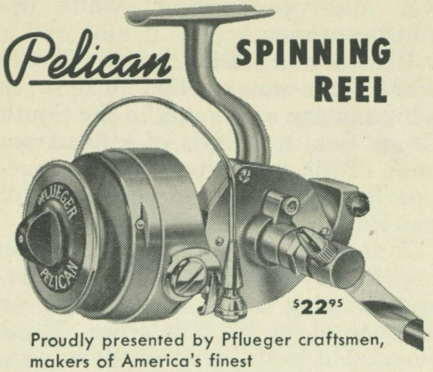

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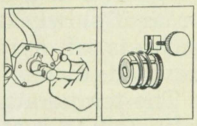


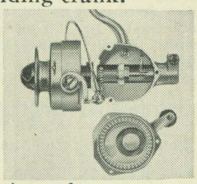
Drag—smoothest, most convenient yet designed. You can adjust it anytime without releasing crank. Nylon shoe provides gentle, firm action—it contracts around a wide drum like an automobile brake—with smooth, slow take-up. Changing spools does not affect drag.

Spool—machined from solid aluminum—for precision and strength. A clip is built into side to hold end of line when reel is not in use. Spool remains stationary—your finger always "finds" the flange in same position and regulates cast more accurately. You can change spools in 10 seconds—no loose parts.

Bail—snaps into retrieve position in less than 1/6 of a turn. Lays on line in smooth basket weave.

Anti-Reverse—can be turned into position while still holding crank.

Gear Housing—Large ring gear is special molded nylon for light weight. Small pinion gear is stainless steel. Ring gear is supported behind point of contact to assure close mesh. Spool Shaft extends to rear of reel for maximum strength—no spool "wobble."



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(Pronounced "FLEW-GER")

MUZZLE FLASHES

(Continued from Page 39)

of the shooter's face against gunstock and the eye-steadying support obtained. Where telescopic sights must be given high mounting, it may be necessary to raise the combs of such firearms by adding a cheek pad.

Again, scope sights are not suitable for certain models of rifles except through unorthodox mountings. Examples are the top-ejecting repeating rifles, which require a scope sight to be mounted in an offset position. Some shooters find that they cannot accustom themselves to a scope so mounted. Without a doubt, such outfits require considerable practice to master. Among bolt-actions, rifles like the Mauser 1898 and the Springfield 1903, it may be necessary to alter bolt handles if a low-mounted scope is desired.

Scopes are not adapted to fast shooting at extremely close range—say, fifteen feet or less. That's why the professional hunters and guides on the African safari scene don't use scope sighted guns when the hunted game is close, fast and dangerous.

Hunters who put a scope on their deer rifle and take to the woods without any scope sight practice at moving targets tend to swing short—and maybe miss!—when they try to lead a fast-running buck. A scope sight requires more applied knowledge and pre-season practice than metallic sights.

Scopes are relatively delicate as compared to iron sights, but with ordinary care a scope sight will have a long, useful life. The lenses should be protected by caps when not in use; should never be allowed to become smeared with oil, and the scope should not be taken into a heated room from the cold outdoors.

So much for the major pros and cons! Now, let's take a look at some of the features of scope sights suited to Florida hunting and competitive target shooting.

For deer hunting in thickly wooded country, as is so frequently encountered in Florida, a 2½ or 2¾ power scope, mounted low, close to the receiver, giving the shooter three to five inches of eye relief and a field of view of 30 ft. or more at 100 yards, is ideal. The long eye relief permits safe use on rifles of heavy recoil, and the wide field of view enables the hunter to keep running game in his sight picture and to permit easy swing-ahead or lead. These short tube, fixed-focus big game scopes make maximum use of available early morning or evening light, and often can be used when metallic sights cannot be seen at all. Mounted in sturdy, rigid mounts, these low power scopes have a wide latitude, or universal, focus. Once set, clear vision should be had from about 25 yards to infinity. Adjustments for elevation and windage are usually internal and graduated for half minute angle changes, sometimes even finer graduations. The long eye relief, previously mentioned, also enables the shooter to quickly get a sight picture when making a fast shot, without the field of view suddenly blotting out.

For general hunting, probably the best of the many reticules is the straight, flat top post of blackened platinum, with straight sides. The parallel sides of the straight post tend to give the reticule sharper eye outline and better definition than in the case of a tapered post. Some shooters like to combine the post reticule with a horizontal cross hair, helpful in determining presence of undesirable canting when aiming.

END.

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1954-55 Fresh Water Fishing Regulations

Species	Open Season	Day's Bag Limit	Daily Fishing Hours	Possession
Black Bass	Year-Round*	8	24 Hours	Two day's bag in First, Second, Fourth and Fifth Districts; one day's bag in Third District. (Northwest Florida)
Bluegill Bream and Other Sunfishes	Year-Round*	25**	24 Hours	
Speckled Perch (Crappie)	Year-Round*	25**	24 Hours	
Pickerel	Year-Round*	25**	24 Hours	
Catfish***	Year-Round*	No Limit***	24 Hours	
Roughfish****	Year-Round*	No Limit****	24 Hours	

*Contact County Judges or Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission for local Fishing Regulations.

**Day's bag limit is 25 fish, not more than 8 of which can be black bass.

***Catfish can be caught with sports fishing tackle or trot lines. Trot lines limited to 25 hooks, baited with cut bait, permitted for taking catfish for personal use — not for sale.

****Garfish, mudfish and suckers can be taken in any numbers with sports fishing tackle. Other methods illegal unless under supervision of Wildlife Officers.

Fishing Licenses

SERIES A — Resident State, Fresh Water ..... $ 2.00
SERIES B — Non-Resident State, Fresh Water $10.50
SERIES C — Non-Resident, 14-day continuous, Fresh Water ..... $ 3.25

A License is required to fish outside of county in which you reside regardless of method used.
A License is not required of residents to fish non-commercially with three poles in county of legal residence.

BAIT—Use of goldfish, carp or minnows of bass for bait prohibited.
Sale of fresh water fish except catfish and roughfish illegal.

Possession of seines, nets, traps, baskets, and similar devices illegal except under permit.

ALL REGULATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE IN CASE OF EMERGENCIES

NEW LICENSES GO ON SALE JUNE 1, 1954, AND WILL BE HONORED AFTER JUNE 15.
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For Further Information and a Summary of the Current Fresh Water Fishing Regulations Contact

Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission

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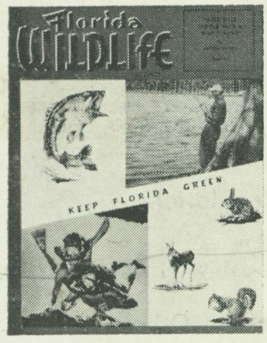

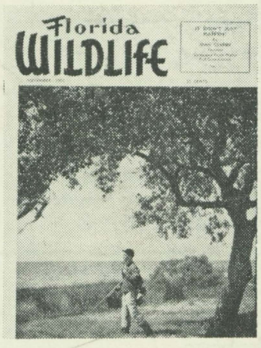

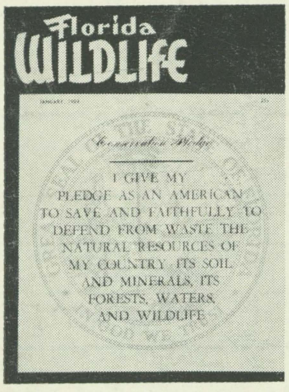

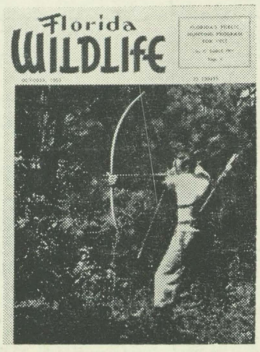

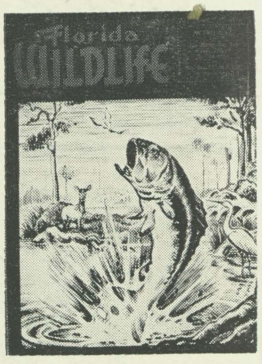

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